

FIFTY CENTS \*





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every time you smoke.



*Filter Kings*

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From now on, you will never have to wind your watch again—if your watch is an Electric Timex. A tiny, replaceable energy cell does all the work, providing steady electric accuracy week after week, month after month, for more than a year of carefree time. The man's Electric is waterproof\*, dustproof\*, and shock-resistant. From \$39.95. The lady's Electric—the first of its kind in the whole world—is convenient, uncomplicated, and simply beautiful. From \$50. Isn't it time *you* wore one?

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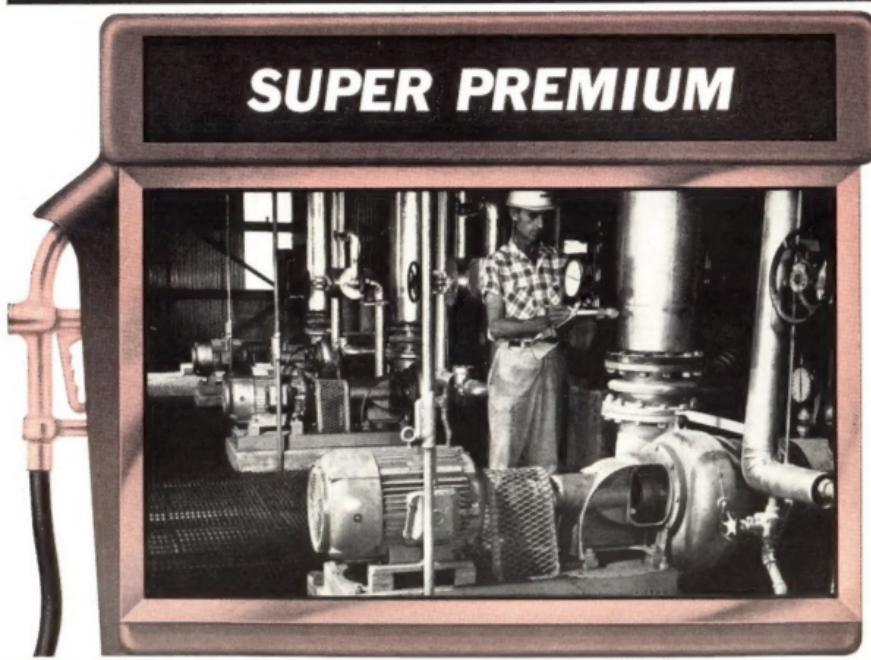
And the economies don't stop with delivery. Maximum interchangeability of Crane AVS com-

ponents assure maintenance savings and reduced inventory requirements. Maintenance is further simplified by Crane's back pull-out feature. The complete rotating assembly with packing box cover and impeller is easily removed without disturbing piping or driver.

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# CRANE

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booming, the Beatles are blaring, and everyone bows and says, "Domo."

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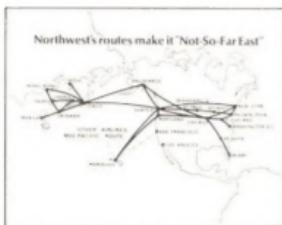
Tokyo or Osaka. We fly to both places. And from either one, it's just a short jaunt to Nagoya, Nara, Kobe — and colorful Kyoto.

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And it's readership that carries from our editorials, reviews, commentary, programming and news right through the advertising pages. For the past six years, ad dollars have produced more readership in TV Guide magazine than in any other mass weekly, biweekly or monthly.

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Sources: Current Simmons and Starch Adnorms.

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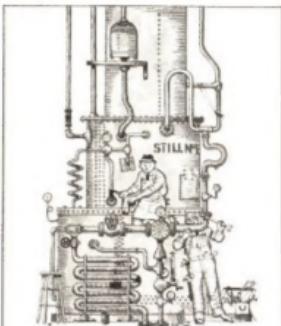
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## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 22

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9:10 p.m.).<sup>1</sup> Dinah Shore, Ray Charles, Johnny Mercer and the Everly Brothers twanging away at "The Nashville Sound."

Thursday, November 23

THANKSGIVING DAY PARADES (CBS, 10 a.m. to noon). Arthur Godfrey (in Toronto), Bess Myerson and Mike Douglas (New York), Jack Linkletter and Marilyn Van Derbur (Philadelphia) and Fran Allison (Detroit) give curbside comment on a medley of parades.

MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE (NBC, 10 a.m. to noon). From their vantage point in front of the world's largest department store, Lorne Greene and Betty White observe the giant balloons, bands and entertainers (including Radio City Music Hall's Rockettes) passing by.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE (CBS, noon to conclusion). The Los Angeles Rams v. the Detroit Lions, from Detroit.

N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 2:45 p.m. to conclusion). University of Oklahoma v. University of Nebraska, from Lincoln.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE (CBS, 6 p.m. to conclusion). The St. Louis Cardinals v. the Dallas Cowboys, from Dallas.

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9:11:15 p.m.). Cliff Robertson as Lieutenant John F. Kennedy in *PT 109* (1963).

Friday, November 24

TARZAN (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). This time it's Ethel Merman making her way through the jungle as leader of a religious sect that enlists Tarzan to guide them to the promised land in "Mountain of the Moon." Part I.

SINGER PRESENTS HERB ALPERT & THE TI-JUANA BRASS (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Herb's brass rings out from mountain to shore as the group plays its bits on location in Southern California. Repeat.

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). "The Virtuoso Teacher" shows both aspects of Concert Violinist Joseph Fuchs' professional life: at work readying two of his Juilliard students for a music competition, and in concert with Yehudi Menuhin last summer at the Bath Festival.

Saturday, November 25

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Part 1, "People of War," focused on the village of Hoa Binh in South Viet Nam. Part 2, "People of War Revisited," takes a second look at the village nearly two years later to see whether its inhabitants' lives have improved and determine their current views on the war. Local times may vary with this program.

THE JACKIE GLEASON SHOW (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Away we go with Bing Crosby, Liberace, Alan King and George Kirby.

Sunday, November 26

LOOK UP & LIVE (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). The concluding segment of "Choice—the Imperative of Tomorrow" deals with the agonizing process of decision making on international, national, local and personal levels.

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Betty Furness, the President's Spe-

cial Adviser on Consumer Affairs, is questioned by newsmen.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE DOUBLE-HEADER (NBC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). The Boston Patriots v. the Houston Oilers in Houston, followed by the Buffalo Bills v. the Miami Dolphins in Miami.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9:11 p.m.). ABC presents its own production of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, with Diane Davila as Anne, supported by Max von Sydow, Lilli Palmer, Viveca Lindfors, Donald Pleasence, Theodore Bikel, Marisa Pavan,

Monday, November 27

THE FIRST ANNUAL ALL-STAR CELEBRITY BASEBALL GAME (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Leo Durocher's Celebrities (including Woody Allen, Bobby Darin, Steve Allen and Hugh O'Brian) take on Milton Berle's All-Stars (Willie Mays, Maury Wills, Don Drysdale, Jim Piersall and others) at Dodger Stadium. Jerry Lewis is sportscaster.

Check local listings for these NET specials:

A CONVERSATION WITH INGRID BERGMAN. Before heading for Broadway in *Eugene O'Neill's More Stately Mansions*, Miss Bergman talked with Los Angeles Times Critic Cecil Smith about her career: her past training, her current role, and parts she would like to play.

PUBLIC BROADCAST LABORATORY. A \$10 million experimental series dedicated to the proposition that noncommercial television can provide a meaningful alternative to commercial TV, PBL will program two hours of cultural and public affairs each Sunday night.

### THEATER

On Broadway

HALFWAY UP THE TREE. Peter Ustinov, who wrote and directed this comedy, has chosen to view hippiedom as the social dawn of a new Jerusalem and hippies as long-haired Samsons of salinity leaning against the temple of middle-aged, middle-class hypocrisy. Unfortunately, the quality of the humor in the story of a pucky Sahib general (Anthony Quayle) who out-hippies his neo-primitive offspring is as strained as the plot.

MORE STATELY MANSIONS. Eugene O'Neill wanted the uncoordinated, lengthy manuscript of this play destroyed. Somehow a copy survived, and has been subjected to the surgery of José Quintero, who manages to make the great U.S. dramatist appear as inept as a summer-stock apprentice. As a husband, wife and mother fencing for one another's love, Arthur Hill, Colleen Dewhurst and Ingrid Bergman all appear lost in a disenchanted forest.

THE LITTLE FOXES. With Director Mike Nichols at the helm, Lincoln Center has launched a revival of Lillian Hellman's 28-year-old saga of a Southern family who snarl and claw their way toward a rich hoard. A galaxy of a cast, including Anne Bancroft, Richard Dreyfuss, E. G. Marshall and George C. Scott, give gilded performances.

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD might be called *Two Characters in Search of a Plot*. British Playwright Tom Stoppard takes his protagonists from the wings of the Globe and sets them stage center to wonder, with coruscating wit

<sup>1</sup> All times E.S.T.

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So this year give the practically perfect gift. Give TIME. The Weekly Newsmagazine. And give it no time at all.

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English Dual Chimes Clock, Circa 1840. Strikes Westminster or Westminster chimes. From famous Old Charter Collection.

***Tick-tock... tick-tock... the Bourbon that didn't watch the clock... many long years!***



We follow two rules in making Old Charter. We start with the finest whisky obtainable. Then we give it extra long years of aging in the cask. That's why Old Charter has the smooth, clean taste that makes it Kentucky's Finest Bourbon. Isn't it time you treated yourself to the best?



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7 years old—approximately \$6.95 a fifth

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**Rarer than rare!** This honored Old Charter is now available in 7 year, 10 year, 12 years of smooth, fine whisky and aging robust 12 years old Bottled-in-Bond. If you know fine Bourbon, you'll welcome the rare quality that only extra aged gives to an excellent whisky.

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Develop men's cordless razors guaranteed to shave close as a blade.

World's thinnest stainless steel shaving screen lets Ronson guarantee shaves close as a blade or money back.<sup>1</sup> Up to a week of shaves between charges. \$44.95.\*

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First cordless shaver styled exclusively for women. Two cutting systems: for legs, underarms. Long, tapered for easy reach. \$37.95.\*

<sup>1</sup>For prompt refund, guarantees requires that within 30 days of purchase, you return the unit in sales receipt, warranty card and nature of dissatisfaction to Ronson Corporation, Customer Service.

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# Winona Daily & Sunday News



## Read all about it: a Phoenix agent replaced their 10 policies with 1.

The Winona (Minn.) Daily & Sunday News had a pressing problem. Ten insurance policies. That spelled complications. Red tape, extra clerical work, high costs. The newspaper's insurance program needed a good rewrite job.

Then an Agent from Phoenix of Hartford came into the picture with a scoop. He showed them our OMNI Policy — easily the most comprehensive commercial package policy available today. Result: one flexible policy, one agent with total responsibility. A 25% saving on premiums.

What's more, the Phoenix agent brings to the newspaper the services of the largest safety engineering organization of its kind in the country. Their aim: to point out risks and further reduce costs.

Call your Phoenix Agent today. Look him up in the Yellow Pages or write to us for his name. He'll give the Green Light on business insurance. That could mean good news for you.



The Company that helps keep your business going.

and in spiritual desolation, who they are and what they are doing at Elsinore. Scintillating performances by Brian Murray and John Wood endow the evening with roiling theatricality.

**THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**, by Harold Pinter, is a celebration of sinister non sequiturs, a nightmarish reunion between Stanley, a nasty cipher of a man (James Patterson) and two agents of torment (Ed Flanders and Edward Winters). A 1958 play, *Party* may not have as many sparks of significance as Pinter's later works, but it crackles with his lightning bolts of speech.

### Off Broadway

**THE TRIALS OF BROTHER JERO** and **THE STRONG BREED**, Wole Soyinka, the foremost black African playwright, is being detained in a Nigerian jail, but his two one-actors have traveled well to Manhattan. *Brother Jero*, played with finesse by Harold Scott, is a delightful spoof of the self-declared prophets who hold ceremonies for their "customers" on the beach. *The Strong Breed* is more of a myth-play, delving into the realm of tribal taboos with the tale of a stranger who becomes a village's sacrificial scapegoat.

**IN CIRCLES**. Nothing happens in this 1920 play by Gertrude Stein, but it happens wonderfully well. Bound together by the free-ranging, eclectic music of Al Carmines, guru of Judson Poets Theater, *In Circles* is a word salad in mid-toss.

**SCUBA DUBA**. Bruce Jay Friedman constructs a comedy of offhand cruelty. Forcing his audience to laughter while smashing their shibboleths, Actor Jerry Orbach is a one-man implosion as a super neurotic who spends his Riviera holiday stalking around a chateau in his bathrobe, screaming maledictions through the night at mankind in general and his wife and her Negro lover in particular.

### CINEMA

**COOL HAND LUKE**. A cocky prisoner (Paul Newman) becomes a hero to his fellow inmates by repeatedly escaping and indomitably refusing to knuckle under to sadistic guards.

**MORE THAN A MIRACLE**. A beautiful peasant girl (Sophia Loren) brazenly steals a horse from the handsome prince (Omar Sharif), gets herself a job making omelets in the palace kitchen, beats out seven princesses after a dishwashing contest, finally catches the prince and lives happily ever after in this utterly mindless but totally delightful fairy tale.

**THE COMEDIANS**. The title belies the inexorably arid and sere setting in which an excellent cast of villains and victims (Richard Burton, Peter Ustinov, Alec Guinness, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Ford) is touched by a vagrant grace.

**WAIT UNTIL DARK**. A blind woman (Audrey Hepburn), the nearly helpless victim of a trio of terrorists led by Alan Arkin, tries to even the score by removing all the light bulbs in her house but forgets the one in the refrigerator—with chilling results.

**CAMELOT**. Joshua Logan's re-creation of the fantasy land inhabited by King Arthur (Richard Harris), Queen Guinevere (Vanessa Redgrave) and Lancelot (Francis Nero) is about as enchanting as a Hollywood buck lot, despite the regal talents and rich voice of the leading lady.

**FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD**. Director John Schlesinger and Screenwriter Frederic Raphael, who collaborated on

Oscar-winning *Darling*, now team to bring Hardy's brooding novel to the screen, with outstanding performances by Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Peter Finch and Terence Stamp.

### BOOKS

#### Best Reading

**ISRAEL JOURNAL JUNE, 1967** and **DEATH HAD TWO SONS**, by Yaël Dayan. From the 28-year-old daughter of General Moshe Dayan comes an exhilarating chronicle of the Israeli victory over the Arabs and a tough-minded, unsentimental novel peopled by ghosts of the Hitler era.

**THE COLLECTED STORIES OF ANDRÉ MAUROIS**. In 38 tales framed as conversations, recollections and letters, the late distinguished partisan in the battle of the sexes takes a deep look at women who are either wise or foolish, vital or declining, in love or remembering what it was like.

**THE YEAR 2000**, by Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener. Two practitioners of the art of futurism consider what the world may be like 33 years hence.

**MEMOIRS: 1925-1950**, by George F. Kennan. During a crucial quarter-century of American-Russian relations, Diplomat Kennan was in official disfavor first for being "too harsh" toward the Soviets, then for being "too soft"; by hindsight, he was right more often than wrong.

**THE SLOW NATIVES**, by Thea Astley. A mod family in Brisbane meets its moral fate in this lively social satire by an Australian craftsman of the novel.

**THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER**, by William Styron. The author's fourth novel, a powerful, timely and imaginative reconstruction of a Negro slave uprising in 1831, installs his name at the top level of contemporary writers.

**ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION**, by Will and Ariel Durant. This last volume of their 38-year labor, *The Story of Civilization*, is one more proof that the Durants are the most readable historians around.

#### Best Sellers

##### FICTION

1. *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, Styron (1 last week)
2. *The Gabriel Hounds*, Stewart (2)
3. *Topaz*, Uris (3)
4. *The Chosen*, Potok (4)
5. *Night Falls on the City*, Grahame (7)
6. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (6)
7. *A Night of Watching*, Arnold (8)
8. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (5)
9. *The Exhibitionist*, Sutton
10. *Christy*, Marshall (9)

##### NONFICTION

1. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham (1)
2. *Nicholas and Alexandra*, Massis (3)
3. *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, Alliluyeva (4)
4. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (2)
5. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (5)
6. *Incredible Victory*, Lord (7)
7. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (6)
8. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (10)
9. *Too Strong for Fantasy*, Davenport (9)
10. *Rousseau and Revolution*, W. and A. Durant

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86 PROOF





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*The Feeling-of-the-Animal Problem.* Volvo gets nearly 25 miles to a gallon, even with automatic transmission.

*The Hard-to-Handle-Animal Problem.* The Volvo suspension is soft, without being sloppy. The steering is quick. Volvo handles more like a sports car than a roomy family sedan.

*The Cramped-Inside-of-the-Animal Problem.* The Volvo is compact outside, big inside. It has much more leg room than the largest-selling animal. And it's got a huge trunk.

*The Voice-of-the-Animal Problem.* The Volvo body is held together with over 8,000 spot welds. It's solid. And if it isn't rattle-proof, it certainly isn't rattle-prone.

*The Short-Lived-the-Animal Problem.* Volvo lasts an average of eleven years in Sweden. And while we don't guarantee how long Volvos will last in America, we do know that over 95% of all those registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

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tions, or for that matter a dry  
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So our Stewardess College  
takes almost 2 months (longer  
than anybody else in the busi-  
ness) just to teach a girl every-  
thing that you might expect of  
her on one flight across the  
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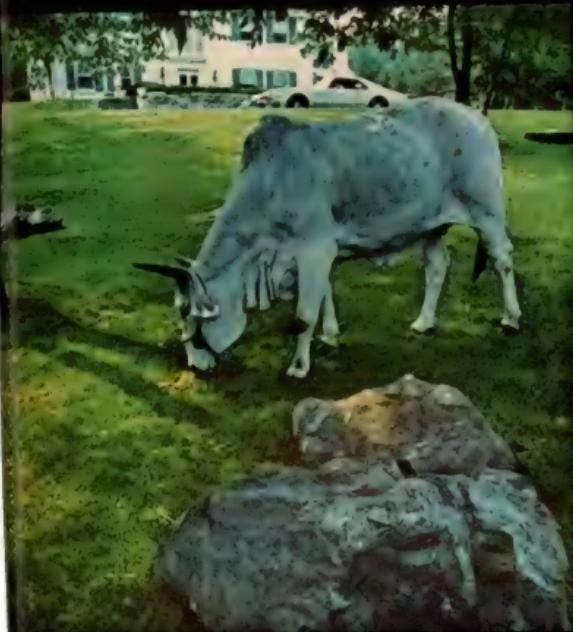
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young thing who just stands  
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## LETTERS

### Better than Sugar

Sir: At a time when the Negro is extremely suspicious of all praise given him or to one of his peers, and overly sensitive that behind the "sugary" praise there lurks hidden meaning, let me congratulate you on your article [Nov. 17] about the newly elected mayors, Carl Burton Stokes of Cleveland and Richard Hatcher of Gary, Ind. This was indeed a splendid article and one which I felt to be very sincere. It brought out good points on both men, but the praise was not "sugar-coated." It was one of the few articles I have read on the Negro which was truly sincere, straightforward and unpretentious.

MARGARET JUSTICE

St. Albans, N.Y.

Sir: The Stokes victory clearly proves that it was the individual, not the name. His zest and vigor, coupled with his platform for office, won him many friendly votes.

(SP4) STEPHEN BREGSTONE

A.P.O. San Francisco

Sir: The minority group pulled a nifty trick in Cleveland. First it urged all voters to consider the Man rather than his Race. Then it went to the polls and voted 99% for Carl B. Stokes.

WALTER W. SEIFFERT

Columbus

Sir: Sorry, but John Gardner is the Secretary of HEW. I'm the Secretary of HUD.

ROBERT C. WEAVER

Washington

### That Soviet Society

Sir: Congratulations on the brilliant exposé on contemporary Communism [Nov. 10]. However, the total effect may lead your readers to believe that the Soviet Union is a diminishing threat to the security of the U.S. This is not so; the abandonment of the cocoon of the Marxists' mystique of historical inevitability imposes only the giant moth of Russian nationalistic aggression—cunningly Stalinist. This contention is substantiated by a report in your NATION section. The identical "liberalized" Soviets who now espouse Liberalism and plan to triple their output of autos have secretly developed the Fractional Orbital Bombing System designed to thwart U.S. nuclear defenses. We cannot afford to fall into a false complacency when dealing with the Soviets. They have not yet proven any sincere desire to coexist.

A/IC JOHN J. NEUBERT

Duluth Air Base

Duluth, Minn.

Sir: I am not un-American, on the contrary, I am an admirer of the U.S. since 1947 working in the accounting department of a great American company. But I think the comparison between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. must not be made on the basis of the year 1967, but on the basis of the U.S. about 1870 and the U.S.S.R. 1967. On this basis you will find a striking similarity between the young U.S. and the young U.S.S.R.: in both countries violence (see Western films), slavery, poverty and log cabins. In the young U.S. was capitalism to place the cornerstone of the greatness and the liberty of a nation, using the slavery of the Negroes and the cheap labor of white

immigrants; now the poor Italians and Irishmen are independent and some of them rich and opulent men. I am sure the Negroes will be in the near future, in young U.S.S.R., Communism is to put the same cornerstone using the slavery of its own people.

A "great society" does not spring forth from the earth as a mushroom after a rain. It must struggle as an oak against wintry winds and dry spells. The Roman poet Lucretius, contemplating death depicting nature for the food of the living, in a verse full of melancholy says: "nature does not allow anything to be brought forth, if not helped by the death of another thing," and this is the same in the social and economic life of mankind.

STANISLAO CATTANEO

Rome, Italy

Sir: When I read the statement of William Griffith, professor of political science at M.I.T., "The current leaders have no moral authority. They are regarded by intellectuals as a combination of bureaucratic idiots and criminals. There is a terrible alienation from the government," I made a quick check on what country you were rambling on about. Save that little quote; it could serve as an appropriate filter under "The Nation" any week.

GERALD V. LITTLIG

Kalamazoo, Mich.

### Viewed From the Outside

Sir: You label as "atrociously tasteless" anti-war slogans such as RUST KIDS CHILDREN FOR PROFIT and RUST—LBJ'S SECRETARY OF HATE [Nov. 3]. Well, of course, what did you expect? How could any incantations regarding the U.S.'s slaughter and crippling of the Vietnamese people and nation be anything but atrociously tasteless?

JORGE E. TRISTANI JR.

San Juan, P.R.

Sir: I view the anti-Viet Nam and anti-draft protests with mounting apprehension. Do these people really know what they protest against? I wish they were with us in Czechoslovakia in 1945 when the people of that and other Eastern areas fled in utter panic before the occupying Russian troops. These people left behind all that had ever been their lives and their heritage to enter areas to be occupied by the Americans. Could we be such fearsome conquerors?

Why is it that today people forsake all, and risk their lives to leave East Ger-

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many? Do the protesters feel that the people of Asia and the Pacific Islands could find peaceful cohabitation with a Communist government? If they can, why could not these others?

MRS. E. E. SPACKMAN

Riverside, Calif.

Sir: This "quiet American" has long been searching for a voice. How do I associate myself with the Citizens Committee for Peace with Freedom?

As the hippie pothead protesters cast off their panties and bras, I'd like to start rolling up my sleeves. Yours in LSD—Let's Save Democracy.

ROBERT J. HOCHSTATTER

Asuncion, Paraguay

Sir: We Asians can only conclude that the American opposition to the war in Viet Nam is about as ridiculous as some Americans' sense of loyalty. Since when does a person have to fight fair in a war? And since when does a person go free when he is disloyal? You Americans! You had freedom so long you have forgotten what that privilege really means. Come live with us in Asia and find out.

K. SAKAKI

Naha, Okinawa

Sir: As a Canadian veteran of W.W. II I am touched at the abuse being hurled at your Administration simply because they are trying to perform their duty in a nasty political situation in Viet Nam. How many European and British citizens care to recall who provided them with food, arms, supplies and ultimately armed forces to obtain freedom and liberty during two world wars. Not a single one of these so-called American allies, including Canada, have had the courage to send any arms or supplies to help out the U.S.A. in their travail in Viet Nam.

FRANK WEINSTEIN, D.S.C.

Edmonton, Alberta

### Neither Ten Nor Twenty-five

Sir: A tip of the camouflaged steel pot from a soldier in this strong, forward, vital nation. Your Essay "Whatever Happened to Patriotism" [Nov. 10] brings the definition of "patriotism" into its proper perspective. I had seriously worried that patriotism had become a ten-letter dirty word. If that is just how many of the anti-everything Americans had thought of patriotism then an enlightenment is in store for them within your Essay.

(SP4) ROGER S. SCHATZ

Seoul, South Korea

Sir: A typical young patriotic American works day after day in a foreign country at

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a job that his folks don't really understand. His former university mates question the merit of and he didn't know existed before he joined the service, and wanting like hell to get back to service and simple convenient places in the States he once took for granted; yet, he knows he is serving his country to the best of his ability—and he knows of no way in the world to explain "patriotism" in 25 words or less.

WAYNE F. NELSON  
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

A.P.O., New York

Sir: Patriotism is a word used by politicians to get votes and a weapon wielded by inept leaders seeking support for unpopular policies. The leaders of our new "national" purpose are born in computers, not the hearts of our fathers. Just as there is no technology that can program love, tolerance, and honesty into the national fabric, no degree of patriotic fervor can be harnessed to a computer.

PETER LEVINE

Washington

Sir: Thank God that we don't have to depend on the dissenters to preserve our right to dissent.

G. R. CHURCHILL

Huntsville, Ala.

**Look! No Booties!**

Sir: Cheers for the normal-looking "Little Brother" doll [Nov. 10]. It is high time that life be represented faithfully so that children can grow up knowing life as it actually is. Getting through the blockades some parents erect is difficult enough. Children are people and should

be treated with due respect. If they are not, then they will only become the neurotic parents of their time.

NAOMI B. TROGGER  
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir: When our toy catalogue arrived, I showed the picture of Petit Frere to my five-year-old daughter (she has a three-year-old brother) and asked her what she thought of the doll. She studied the page for a long time, and then said, "It looks funny. Little boys don't have all that hair." So much for innocence.

KARIN E. HODGES

Philadelphia

Sir: The only thing I find obscene about "Little Brother" is the price.

JEREMY KERN

Skokie, Ill.

Sir: As one who has lived happily for over half a century with a small but precious collection of sexless dolls, including third generation of same dating back to my Seattle grandmother's "Frozen Charlotte" of 1844, I deplore the new realism. Heaven to Hells, we knew which was which by the color of their booties.

ANN L. WERTHE

Woodstock, N.Y.

Sir: The introduction of the "Little Brother" doll has predictably resulted in irrational, moralistic, and highly emotional protests. The very absurdity of the outcries tends to obscure potentially valid objections. While doll play begins at an early age, little girls continue this interest during a later period characterized by exclusion and disparagement of the op-

posite sex. There is much psychiatric evidence suggesting that this period of sexual disinterest has healthy purposes. It aids the normal repression of highly threatening infantile sexual conflicts and allows time for exploration and growth in the demanding process of simply learning to deal with others.

It is possible that repeated exposure to realistic male genitalia would complicate and even retard this aspect of development. Sexual openness in a seven-year-old child is not necessarily a virtue.

FRANKLIN C. MALESON, M.D.  
Pennsylvania Hospital  
Philadelphia

### Once Removed

Sir: I'm sure that your review of Graham Greene's *The Comedians* [Nov. 3] is fair to the picture, but I know that it isn't fair to Haiti. "Greene's fictional Haiti," you say, "seems not very far removed from the real one . . . a Black Power station," etc. Well, this just isn't so. Greene found what he came looking for—Papa Doc, the *Tontons Macoute*, Black Power, a sick society. The visitor without this preconception will see little or nothing of Haiti's cloak-and-dagger world. He will be overwhelmed instead by the Haitian people who have spurned those who strutted in the capital and stole their taxes, from Dessalines' time to the present. The Haitians continue through all this to be the most creative, outgoing, generous and ebullient people in the Caribbean; and the poorest—but without a trace of self-pity, xenophobia, or racial arrogance.

SELDEN RODMAN

Oakland, N.J.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 24, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 21

## THE NATION

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### The Look of Leadership

For months his critics had grown ever more vocal—and more violent. His popularity rating had plummeted so steadily that he remarked to an aide: "I may wind up with 1% before it's over with." Yet, whether from hurt feelings or because of his old hankering for consensus politics, the President remained curiously subdued and remote from the fray.

Last week saw the emergence of "the real Johnson"—as his friends put it. Shedding the never-too-convincing guise of folksy preacher and avuncular counselor, he appeared before the TV cameras in the role he knows best—that of the combative, spontaneous, self-assured politician. At the same time Lyndon Johnson came across as an executive ready and willing at last to assert his leadership.

The week had not begun auspiciously. Seeking spiritual solace at Bruton Parish in Colonial Williamsburg, the historic Virginia town restored to Revolutionary-era authenticity by the Rockefeller family, Johnson heard a sermon on Viet Nam instead. "There is rather general consensus that what we are doing in Viet Nam is wrong," lectured Rector Cotesworth Pinckney Lewis as the President sat captive in a front pew that had once been occupied by George Washington. "While pledging our loyalty, we ask humbly, *Why?*"

**Too Much Guff.** Johnson, who had spent the previous two days doing his best to explain why, in hard-hitting speeches at eight U.S. military bases around the nation, managed to appear unruffled. Leaving the church, Lady Bird chirped a noncommittal "Wonderful choir." Smiling stiffly, the President shook hands with Lewis, mumbled "Thank you" and departed. Titillated by the event, Washington reporters invented a slew of mock news bulletins and tacked them to a White House bulletin board.



JOHNSON AT PRESS CONFERENCE  
In the role he knows best.

Let him board. "President Johnson," said one, "announced late Sunday he has commissioned Artist Peter Hurd to paint a portrait of the Rev. C. P. Lewis." Hurd, of course, is the painter whose portrait of the President was rejected by L.B.J. as "the ugliest thing I ever saw." Improving on the script, Johnson last week chose as his 33rd wedding anniversary gift to Lady Bird a portrait of a boy titled *Arturo* by Henriette Wyeth, who is Mrs. Hurd.

The day after the sermon, Johnson failed to appear for a scheduled speech at the 100th anniversary celebration of the 650,000-member National Grange in Syracuse, N.Y., largely because thousands of antiwar pickets threatened to disrupt his visit. Grumbled one farmer: "He takes too much gulf from people like these kids and that preacher."

The dismaying prospect for any rational conduct of politics is that increasingly militant demonstrators plan to turn

out in force wherever Johnson and his Cabinet members go in coming months. When Secretary of State Dean Rusk addressed the Foreign Policy Association in Manhattan last week, he had to slip into the garage entrance of the New York Hilton an hour ahead of time to avoid some 3,000 pickets. Most were moderates, but some, spearheaded by the Students for a Democratic Society and a handful of radicals from the Trotskyite-Maoist Progressive Labor Party, came equipped with plastic bags of cow's blood and aerosol cans with orange paint. They were looking for trouble, and more than 1,000 New York policemen, though generally restrained, finally gave it to them. Thirty-four demonstrators were arrested, a dozen injured.

**The Real War.** For his part—as he has been increasingly wont to do lately—Johnson compared his situation to that of other wartime Presidents. Exchanging toasts with Japan's Prime Minister Eisaku Sato during a dinner at the White House, he declared: "Let us, Mr. Prime Minister, take courage from Lincoln's words, when he said to his Cabinet in that other tragic period: 'I am here. I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take.'"

Striking back at his critics, Johnson set out to convince a skeptical public that his Viet Nam policy was beginning to show dramatic progress. His top echelon in Saigon, Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, General William Westmoreland and Pacification Chief Robert Komer, flew into Washington for a mini-summit. All three brimmed with confidence—or, as Georgia's Democratic Senator Richard Russell put it after Westmoreland had addressed Russell's Armed Services Committee behind





RECTOR LEWIS AT CHURCH  
One preacher who hadn't heard why.

closed doors, "cautious optimism" (see following story). Said one aide, mindful that the latest Louis Harris Poll shows Johnson's rating on his handling of the war at an all-time low of 23%: "We're winning that war out there. The real war is back here."

**Put Up or Shut Up.** For his own major skirmish in that war, in the East Room of the White House, Johnson broke completely with his usual press-conference choreography. Thanks to a lavaliere microphone, he was able to leave the lectern and prowl back and forth on a makeshift stage—all the while chopping the air, clutching his breast, slapping, clenching and conjoining his big hands to pound home his points, toying with his glasses and abandoning his previous deadpan, Sunday-sermon visage for a range of grins and grimaces, smiles and scowls worthy of a Method actor. All the while, an Army Signal Corpsman crouched unseen behind the lectern, reeling out microphone cord when Johnson wandered to the edge of the stage and making sure that he did not trip himself.

The President, well aware that he comes across poorly on television, has lately been asking those around him how he could communicate better. The advice was for him to try to talk to the nation the way he talks to small groups in the privacy of his office. Judging from the congratulatory telegrams that flowed to the White House—including one that said, "Good for you, Mr. President. Give 'em H"—it worked.

During the conference, the President touched on foreign-aid cuts ("a serious mistake") and on congressional reluctance to enact his proposed 10% surcharge on individual and corporate in-

Giving at polls, Johnson told a Gridiron dinner held by Washington's press corps that before Patrick Henry delivered his "Give me liberty or give me death" oration in 1775, he naturally—conducted a poll. The results: 46% were for liberty, 39% for death, and the rest didn't know.

come taxes. Singling out House Republican Leader Gerald Ford, Wisconsin Republican John Byrnes and Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, he declared: "They will live to regret the day when they made that decision [to bottle up the tax bill], because it is a dangerous decision. It is an unwise decision." Raising taxes is an unpopular move, but "we should do it," and eventually "Congress will do it." Will he run again? "I will cross that bridge when I get to it." Hardly anybody in the room doubted that he had long since made the crossing.

Most of the 37-minute conference was devoted to the war and the widespread dissent that it has spawned. The President emphasized that measurable progress is being made. "We are pleased with the results that we are getting," he said—so much so that no increase was anticipated in the currently authorized troop level of 525,000. He was pessimistic about prospects for a bombing pause, and noted that Hanoi's demands last week for a U.S. pullout as a prelude to peace talks "should answer any person in this country who has ever felt that stopping the bombing alone would bring us to the negotiating table." If North Viet Nam's leaders are operating on the assumption that another President would pull out of Viet Nam and make "an inside deal," they are making "a serious misjudgment."

Johnson insisted that U.S. goals in Viet Nam have been clear from the first: "I thought even all the preachers in the country had heard about it," he cracked. One aim was to preserve U.S. security, another was to honor a commitment. "In 1954 we said we would stand with those people in the face of common danger. The time came when we had to put up or shut up. We put up." A third goal was to resist aggression: "If you saw a little child in this room and some big bully came along and grabbed it by the hair and started stomping it, I think you would do something about it."

Admitting that there were deep divisions within the Democratic Party, Johnson said that all parties had their internal disagreements, though "we have perhaps more than our share sometimes." Clearly, he felt that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee contributed more than its due. With a passing reference to the fact that, historically, the committee's chairmen have "almost invariably found a great deal wrong with the Executive in the field of foreign policy," he took a swipe at the present chairman, J. William Fulbright, who had just pushed through resolutions urging Johnson to take the Viet Nam issue to the United Nations and demanding a greater voice for Congress in committing U.S. troops abroad. "The committee had a big day yesterday," said Johnson archly. "They reported two resolutions in one day."

Criticism is "one of the things that goes with the job," but Johnson add-

ed: "I think the time has come when it would be good for all of us to take a new, fresh look at dissent. We welcome responsible dissent. There is a difference between constructive dissent and storm-trooper bullying, howling and taking the law into their own hands."

While on the subject of dissent, as at some other times, Johnson turned his comments into a harangue. Irrately, he denied that he had ever branded dissenters as unpatriotic. But he did say that among his critics, "there are some hopeful people and there are some naive people in this country and there are some political people. And all of these hopes, dreams and idealistic people going around are misleading and confusing and weakening our position. We have never said they are unpatriotic, although they say some pretty ugly things about us. People who live in glass houses shouldn't be too anxious to throw stones." Yet he was able to joke about his critics. "If I have done a good job of anything since I have been President," he smiled, "it is to insure that there are plenty of dissenters."

There will be more, of course. And now Lyndon Johnson seemed in a mood to meet them head-on. As he entered his fifth year as President, it was plain that the time of defensive silence was over, and that he was once more taking the stance of leadership.

## THE WAR

### Progress

"It's going to be all right, Mr. President," said Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, cocking his head characteristically to one side. "Just let's keep on, keep on." Bunker's exhortation delivered in a White House office strewn with war charts and pacification graphs, succinctly summed up the Administration's guardedly optimistic view of the war as the nation's operating military and civilian chiefs returned from Viet Nam to report on its slow but promisingly tangible progress.

Along with General William Westmoreland and his deputy, Ambassador Robert Komer, chief of the pacification effort, Bunker brought home a message not of a clearly foreseeable end to the war but of heartening movement toward that end. "I have never been more encouraged in my four years in Viet Nam," said Westmoreland, who, with his wife and daughter, spent the week as a guest at the White House.

Some reasons for his buoyancy:

► The total of South Vietnamese living under Viet Cong control is down from around 4,000,000 in mid-1965 to 2,500,000 today. About 68% of the South Vietnamese population live in reasonably secure areas, while 15% remain in contested sections. Another 17% are under Viet Cong control. The government has gained 12% of the country's population in the past year.

► The South Vietnamese have conducted five elections in the past 14 months in the midst of war—a remarkable per-

formance," said Bunker—and a new government acting under a new constitution has shown marked promise in achieving stable and honest rule.

► Viet Cong recruitment, running last year at the rate of some 7,500 per month, has now dropped to 3,500.

► The South Vietnamese army, though far from first-rank efficiency, has demonstrated an increasing capacity to fight bravely and well.

The profile of war and pacification was sketched for the President from meticulously gathered statistics, Communist reports, prisoner interrogations, and U.S. and South Vietnamese intelligence sources. In almost all the country's provinces, the reports suggest, the Viet Cong is suffering increasingly from lack of food, recruiting difficulties, and the steady movement of the people from V.C.-held areas to the security of government-controlled territory. Ironically, in a war in which the enemy has always banked heavily on outlasting the more impatient Occidentals, many Viet Cong troops are sick and tired of the fighting.

The U.S., meanwhile, does not intend to increase projected force levels in Viet Nam but will concentrate on honing its present commitment to maximum efficiency. Westmoreland's only significant request was to continue bombing the North without any extended pause. He compared the war to a knitted sweater, stretched and worn until the threads have grown thin. "In time," he said, "it will unravel. It is difficult to forecast when it will unravel. But if we relieve the pressure, we prolong the war."

One development that increasingly troubles U.S. strategists is the supply line that the Communists have established through Cambodia to circumvent the dangerous U.S. bombings of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. North Vietnamese and Red Chinese cargo ships are docking at the Cambodian port of Sihanoukville, where Jacqueline Kennedy only a few weeks ago with much éclat dedicated a new Avenue J. F. Kennedy. Then

the supplies, particularly ammunition, are trucked along the U.S. aid-built highway to Phnompenh, whence they are moved east to South Viet Nam and into the battlefield.

Meantime, despite the rising political pressures for a bombing halt to try for peaceful negotiations, the prospect in Viet Nam now is merely for 24-hour cease-fires at Christmas and New Year's, with another 48-hour hiatus in February for *Tet*, the Buddhist lunar New Year.

## THE CONGRESS

### Biting the Bloodhounds

The legislative career of the war on poverty seems less like a series of congressional debates than an annual re-enactment of *Eliza crossing the ice*. Each year the bloodhounds—mostly hard-breathing Republicans and Southern Democrats—nip closer, but each year Eliza stays an inch or two ahead. After the Republican victories in the 1966 elections, the story seemed destined for a speedy end. Not so. Last week, in the most dramatic victory the Johnson Administration has had in the 90th Congress, the House of Representatives approved the poverty program by the biggest margin yet. The original script was hardly more miraculous.

Using the poverty program's obvious flaws as powerful ammunition, the G.O.P. House leadership aimed to dismantle the Office of Economic Opportunity altogether. The plan was to carve up the program's appendages among existing Government departments while, at the same time, substantially reducing overall antipoverty appropriations. The scheme seemed persuasive to many conservative Southerners and normally lib-

eral big-city Democrats, who complain that local politicians do not have enough control over many OEO projects in their areas. After last summer's riots, there was bitter talk about not rewarding rioters, and the plan's success seemed to be inevitable. Few on Capitol Hill could challenge the self-confident assertion of New York's Charles Goodell, chief Republican strategist, that the three-year-old war on poverty would be "maimed, mutilated and mangled" before it passed the House in 1967.



ELIZA FLEEING ACROSS THE ICE  
*Turnabout twist to the old script.*

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"Bossism & Boll Weevil!" The Democratic leadership knew that its only chance to beat Goodell's scheme was to win over or at least neutralize Southern Democrats, who had never much liked OEO and who could now, as a result of the riots, find a good excuse for voting their distaste. How could they be pried loose from the Republicans? The Administration forces decided that some "dramatic change" would be needed in the program itself.

No one was sure just what new formula would work until Oregon's Edith Green suggested that state and local officials be given the control over local programs that they had long asked for. The leadership agreed, not only mollifying Southerners but also assuring that big-city Democratic machines would throw their all into the battle. The dramatic change had been found: "Bossism and boll weevil!" cried an outraged Charlie Goodell. The remark won his cause few Southern votes.

Still, victory was by no means certain, and as the debate began, an unlikely coalition of mayors, educators, labor leaders and big businessmen reluctantly joined the battle. Scattered local programs began to close for lack of appropriations at the same time, and Congressmen who had been cool suddenly realized what the war on poverty meant back home. What Arizona Democratic



BUNKER

*Like a worn sweater, it will unravel in time.*



WESTMORELAND

Morris Udall called OEO's "hidden and silent" support started to surface.

Some unexpected allies also appeared. Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak came out with a story noting underground complaints about Speaker John McCormack, and there was a sudden outpouring of sympathy for the Speaker, a well-loved figure, and just about any bill he wanted. Though he did not show his face or utter a word, Education Commissioner Harold Howe also proved a toree. Under the G.O.P. plan, several of OEO's programs, including the Job Corps, would go to Howe's Office of Education, but Southerners would do almost anything—including voting to preserve OEO—to avoid giving more power to a man they regard as a radical integrationist.

It was all too much for the G.O.P. House leadership, which saw many of its members desert the standard. "The way things are going," sighed G.O.P. Whip Leslie Arends, "we couldn't put the Ten Commandments into this bill." In the end, 186 Democrats and 97 Republicans voted for the measure, 50 Democrats and 79 Republicans against it. Though Republicans did hold funding to \$1.6 billion, the chances are good that when the program emerges from conference with the Senate, which gave it \$2.2 billion, it will have more money than it has ever had. It was as if Eliza had turned around and bitten the bloodhounds.

### To the Marrow

Every year Congressmen do their best to cut foreign aid to the bone, but in the current session their knives have sliced to the program's very marrow. Last week, after months of dispute between the House and Senate and still more wrangling between the House Foreign Affairs and Appropriations committees, the full House finally approved the lowest aid appropriation in the program's history and severely restricted U.S. military-aid activities.

And it could have been worse. In two days of angry debate, the Democratic leadership beat back repeated efforts to reduce the appropriation still further, finally mustered a vote of 167 to 143 for a bill providing \$2.19 billion, a cut of \$1 billion from President Johnson's original request. The earlier authorization measure approved by both houses required that the Government's revolving loan fund, which allows poor nations to make arms purchases, be ended by June 30. The House appropriations bill goes even further by forcing the President to reduce any underdeveloped nation's economic aid by the amount of its own funds that the country spends to buy sophisticated weaponry. Only Greece, Turkey, Iran, Israel, Taiwan, Korea and the Philippines would be exempted.

Normally the White House looks to the Senate for succor when House budget cutters get too frisky, but this year the Administration can hope for little Senate sympathy on foreign aid.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Something for the Hat

"When I went to Washington in January 1965, Mr. Johnson gave me a ten-gallon Texas hat. This time I'd like to get something to go in the hat." Thus spoke Japan's Premier Eisaku Sato as he departed from Tokyo for a seven-day American tour. Before the week was out, Sato had won concessions from Lyndon Johnson on matters peculiarly sensitive to Japanese pride—but whether they totaled ten gallons was debatable.

Specifically, the Premier came to the U.S. to discuss America's retention of Okinawa and the Bonin Islands, both of which were Japanese possessions before World War II, and have remained persistently sticky political issues in Tokyo. Sato won a promise that the Bo-

Kabuki-actor's face. "From what I have seen, I would not like to try it."

Though Japan's U.S.-imposed constitution forbids the use of force in settling international disputes—thus barring any Japanese troop commitment to Viet Nam—the country contributes more than \$1,000,000 a year to Saigon. Sato promised to increase Japan's foreign aid by a full third, and to continue the Japanese-American security treaty beyond its 1970 expiration date. He repeatedly rejected the idea of a unilateral U.S. bombing pause over North Viet Nam without "reciprocal action" from Hanoi. To that extent, Sato paid more than he received in the way of U.S. concessions on the island territories.

**Savory Settlement.** The Bonin Islands, which include the bloody battleground of Iwo Jima where 21,000

• EUGENE SMITH—LIFE



TWO JIMA UNDER BOMBARDMENT IN 1945  
Efforts well understood and appreciated.

nins would be returned, probably within a year, and that the status of Okinawa would be studied. In return, he assured Lyndon Johnson of his government's firm support for the U.S. commitment in Southeast Asia.

**Constructive Stand.** "America has taken a consistently active and constructive stand in its search for a peaceful solution in Viet Nam," said the Premier, who last month finished a ten-day swing throughout Southeast Asia. "I was deeply impressed during my recent trip that the U.S. efforts in Viet Nam were well understood and appreciated by the governments and peoples of the Asian countries." Sato warmed Johnson's heart further when he pronounced himself "keenly aware that the position of a leader is often a lonely one filled with tribulations." Himself besieged by leftist anti-government rioters before he flew to the U.S., Sato commented dryly on dissent in America. "It has been suggested that perhaps we should institute an exchange program for demonstrators," he remarked with a crooked smile on his

Japanese and 4,189 American Marines died in early 1945, is a craggy archipelago of little modern-day strategic value, though it is just 700 miles southeast of Japan. Originally settled by 19th century seamen, including two New Englanders (many islanders still bear such old American names as Savory, Webb and Robinson), the islands are currently used by the U.S. only for a small naval and weather station, whose total complement is no more than 75 men.

On the more sensitive question of Okinawa, Sato received a promise of continuing consultations on the island's future reversion to Japan. This prospect has been clouded by the war, since Okinawa is America's major Western Pacific base, and a key way station for heavy bombers and troops headed for Viet Nam. The sooner the war in Southeast Asia ends, the sooner Japan will regain administrative control of Okinawa and the Ryukyu chain of which it is a part. With that in mind, perhaps, Sato offered last week to serve as best he could as a "third party" in seeking a negotiated end to the war.

## REPUBLICANS

### But of Course

The first noteworthy candidate of either major party to announce unequivocally that he will be running for President next year was, of course, Harold Stassen, 60. It will be the Republican's sixth presidential campaign since 1944, with only 1956 excepted.

### The Word

Before making any major personal decision, Michigan's George Romney usually spends an entire day in seclusion meditating and seeking divine guidance. Last week, after a day at home, Mormon Romney had the word. The nation—if not the Deity—would have been very much surprised if it had been no.

In effect, Governor Romney has been campaigning for the presidency since February, when he ventured into six states to deify the decline of American morality. Nine months later—and nine months before the G.O.P. convention in Miami—Romney finally proclaimed what everyone knew he had in mind:

"I have decided to fight for and win the Republican nomination," he told a news conference. "I have made my decision with great earnestness."

**Instant Comeback.** Then, flanked by wife Lenore and three of their children, the Governor earnestly catalogued the nation's ills: crime, welfare, slums, inflation. "We are becoming a house divided," he said. "The richest nation in the world is a fiscal mess. Once a beacon of hope for people everywhere, America is now widely regarded as belligerent and domineering. We are mixed in an Asian land war which sacrifices our young men and drains our resources, with no end in sight. False optimism and lack of candor on the part of our leaders have confused our citizens and sapped their resolve. A Republican President can work for a just peace in Viet Nam unshackled by mistakes of the past."

As an announced candidate, Romney is in the unique position of having to stage a comeback at the moment he leaves the starting line. For months his popularity has been skidding largely because of such gaffes as his "brainwashing" admission in September. To have any hope of winning the crucial New Hampshire primary on March 12, he will have to elucidate comprehensive—and comprehensible—positions on foreign policy and pervasive domestic issues. Richard Nixon, meanwhile, is gearing his campaign in the Granite State to emphasize his expertise on foreign affairs and other major issues; Romney plans to jog through the street-corner-and-supermarket campaign that suits him best.

Many Republicans, including some

of Romney's avowed supporters, now believe that the Michigander's campaign will turn into a holding operation, coalescing the party's moderates and keeping them in the forefront until another middle-of-the-road candidate with a realistic chance of gaining the nomination can step in. Cheering Romney last week on his announcement, Nelson Rockefeller observed: "A wise national Republican Party will choose a moderate, able, winning candidate in 1968." Despite all of Rocky's disclaimers, some Republicans thought that rather than prescribing for Romney, he was describing Nelson Rockefeller.

### Young Easterner with Style

New York's city hall has been the political graveyard of virtually every man who presided there. Its present landlord may be the exception. On the eve of his second anniversary in office, John Vliet Lindsay is still threshing out the mega-problems of megalopolis, yet refuses to sink below the horizon of national politics. His views on the Republican presidential competition make headlines. Fortnight ago, he published his first book, *Journey into Politics*. Last week, after appearing on a network television program, he starred in the first of a weekly TV series of his own. Then he hopped to Los Angeles, where he turned on a variety of audiences, live and electronic.

LINDSAY FOR PRESIDENT said the sign at the University of Southern California's Great Issues forum, where the turnout of 1,700 was the largest anyone could remember. Lindsay, of course, wears national candidacy "under any circumstances," insists that his besting of Lyndon Johnson in a recent poll interests him not a "teenvy-weeny bit," and argues that his distinction is so persuasive that he makes "Sherman look like a lightweight." But when he met Governor Ronald Reagan for the first time, the conservative Californian said the liberal New Yorker simply had to be considered a potential candidate. Perhaps a dream ticket of Ronnie and Johnny uniting the coasts and the party's wings? (Or could it be Johnny and Ronnie?) "That's more than a dream," said Lindsay, "that's a nightmare."

**Flapping Smartly.** Dashing John Lindsay, 46 this week, is, of course, far down on the list of G.O.P. possibilities for 1968, and with Governor Nelson Rockefeller dominating the party in New York, Lindsay has no strong organizational base of his own. The Rockefeller-Lindsay relationship has not been harmonious, the latest discord occurring, paradoxically, because Lindsay has been boosting Rockefeller's candidacy and because one of Lindsay's aides is prominent in a draft-Rockefeller group. Such efforts erode Rockefeller's facade of non-candidacy at a time when the Governor prefers to remain committed, at least in public, to George Romney. Lindsay's refusal to cooperate hurts Rockefeller's credibility, and to whatever extent that the New



ROMNEY & WIFE AT BREAKFAST PARTY

*More description than prescription.*

York Governor's national prospects suffer, Lindsay's may prosper. Last week Rockefeller publicly asked Lindsay and his subordinates to end the eulogization. Lindsay replied disingenuously that he could not regulate his aide's private activities. Then at week's end he said New York Republicans will support Senator Jacob Javits as a favorite son.

Regardless of Lindsay's prospects next year, his latest spurt of activity keeps his pennant flapping smartly. The trip to Los Angeles again showed him to be the consummate campaigner. Considering his official mission—to boost New York City Opera Company's opening—he traveled heavy. In addition to M.F.S. Lindsay, he took his press secretary, a deputy mayor, a speechwriter and his TV consultant. Not that he ap-



REAGAN & LINDSAY IN LOS ANGELES  
Prime time for a Ronnie and Johnny show?

peared to need help. From the ladies in the audience Lindsay elicited the usual sighs of "divine," "beautiful." And in an even dozen appearances before students, lawyers, reporters, business leaders and other Angelenos, his speeches and repartee, laced with tart humor, were enthusiastically received.

**From IBMs to Lollipops.** For businessmen he had some practical advice. "The firms that can find the answers to the cities' basic problems," he said at a Los Angeles' town hall forum, "can become the IBMs or Texas Instruments of the 1970s." To protest-prone students, he proposed that they bore from within by joining government instead of merely picketing it. "If you want to ban the bomb," he said, "only government can do it. If you want to legalize pot, only government can do it. And if you want to make love and not war—well, I'm not sure this is a proper role of government. As a Republican, I think the matter should be left to our system of private enterprise."

Lindsay also had a chance to show his tough side. Last week, he demanded and got the resignation of New York City's Sanitation Commissioner Samuel Kearing, a Republican whom Lindsay had appointed just a year ago. After Kearing complained he had been ejected for pushing too hard to build up his department, Lindsay fired a statement back to New York saying Kearing had been "insubordinate" in his independence of city hall policy. That bit of unpleasantness attended to, Lindsay cheerfully took on all questions. He criticized U.S. "military escalation" in Viet Nam, proclaimed in Reagan country that the Republicans should nominate a moderate for President, and even consented to comment on Shirley Temple Black's defeat. "When dimples and lollipops and curly hair and motherhood all go down in one day, it's too much," said he. "I'm crushed."

Looking decidedly uncrushed, Lindsay concluded his "nonpolitical" politicking and returned to Manhattan, leaving behind quite a few Republicans recalling, with mixed emotions, the style of a young Eastern Democrat who once won a presidential election.

## CALIFORNIA

### Peace & War in San Mateo

The congressional primary in Northern California's San Mateo County attracted national attention largely because Shirley Temple, who as a child was every moviegoer's lollipop, was in the race. But Mrs. Shirley Temple Black, 39, mother of three and as conservative as could be, was not a hit at the ballot box. She lost the Republican race to Attorney Paul N. McCloskey, a moderate, by 52,878 votes to 34,521.

A craggily handsome Stanford graduate and Korean War Marine hero, McCloskey tagged Shirley a superhawk and won a lot of points by her refusal to debate the issues with him on TV.



REPUBLICANS McCLOSKEY



DEMOCRATS ARCHIBALD

*Shooting down Superhawk and Real Dove.*

## DEMOCRATS

### Chorus of One

A dozen Senators or two-score Representatives could say the same thing without making too much of a splash. But when New York's Senator Robert F. Kennedy accuses President Johnson of having muffed a chance to end the war in Viet Nam, his single, rather reedy voice has the volume of the *Avi-Chorus* in this year of presidential maneuvering.

This week, in a new book called *To Seek a Newer World*, Kennedy accuses Johnson of just such a blunder. In the early months of 1967, he writes, the U.S. "cast away what may well have been the last best chance to go to the negotiating table, on terms we clearly would have accepted before." At that time, he says, Hanoi was willing to begin talks if the U.S. would quit bombing the North. But the Administration, which had ordered a 37-day bombing pause a year earlier in the hope of achieving precisely that outcome, shifted its position and demanded a *quid pro quo*—namely, an end to Hanoi's infiltration of the South.

The upshot of this hardened attitude may be to "make a negotiated peace impossible for some time to come," concludes Kennedy. Even so, and even though a negotiated settlement would entail the risk of an eventual Viet Cong takeover, he holds that peace talks are the only way out of the war. "Withdrawal is now impossible," he says, because it would "damage our position in the world." As for outright military victory—the only other alternative—that goal "is at best uncertain and at worst unattainable."

**Least Impact.** Doubleday & Co. paid Kennedy a handsome \$150,000 advance—making this the first of his four books not to be published by Harper & Row, which roused his ire during last year's acrid controversy over William Manchester's *The Death of a President*. Despite the fact that *Look* magazine also clashed with Bobby over its serialization

of the Manchester book, Bobby accepted an additional \$10,000 or so from the magazine for his new book's chapter on Viet Nam.

The Senator plans to give the monies away, though he will not say to whom; his publishers are quite confident of recouping theirs, and then some. Even though the book, with chapters on youth, the Negro, Latin America, nuclear arms and China as well as Viet Nam, is little more than a *rechauflé* of old speeches, touched up by the Senator and Aides Adam Walinsky and Peter Edelman, the mere fact that it bears Bobby Kennedy's name is bound to sell copies during the coming year. According to Bobby's aides, the book's release was actually timed to achieve the feast—not the greatest—political impact. Had Bobby really wanted to stir up controversy, they say, he would have sprung it on the eve of next summer's nominating conventions.

## SPACE

### Over the Top

Fifty miles above the earth at more than 3,500 m.p.h., America's needle-nosed X-15 barely ruffles the underskirts of space. U.S. and Soviet astronauts have ventured far higher, faster and for longer flights. But for Air Force Major Michael J. Adams, 37, riding the stub-winged X-15 rocket ship on its wild ten-minute flights beyond the atmosphere and back presented a greater challenge. He too had been chosen as an astronaut. Repeated slippage of the Manned Orbiting Laboratory program left him impatient to get off the ground, and he asked to fly the X-15 instead.

Adams climbed into its cockpit last week for his seventh flight. His craft

was carrying instruments to collect micrometeorites, determine which of the sun's rays are absorbed by the atmosphere, and test an experimental coating for a Saturn rocket booster. It was the X-15's 191st flight since the U.S. first used it to explore the fringes of space in 1959 and, by the exacting standards of the men who fly the X-15, it was a routine mission.

**Coming Downhill.** In the bright sky over California's Mojave Desert, Adams unhooked from the B-52 mother ship that had carried him aloft to 45,000 ft. Then his ammonia and liquid-oxygen rocket motor ignited with 60,000 lbs. of thrust, hurling him skyward for 80 sec. until his fuel burned out. Seconds before he glided upward to "go over the top" at his peak altitude of 261,000 ft., Adams radioed calmly to report loss of control of the X-15's pitch-and-roll dampers, twelve small rocket nozzles that guide the craft in a near vacuum. "Let's try and get them on," radioed back Major William ("Pete") Knight, a fellow X-15 pilot who was monitoring Adams from the ground. Then Adams, with a curt "Yep," signaled that he was back in control.

K: You're a little bit high, Mike, but in good shape. We've got you coming down hill now. Dampers still on, Mike?

A: Yeah, and it still seems squirrelly. K: Okay, have you coming back to two-thirty [230,000 ft.]?

A: I'm in a spin, Pete.

The voice was matter-of-fact; Knight drolly backed instructions for the scientific tests, then warned Adams to check his angle of glide.

A: I'm in a spin.

K: Say again.

A: I'm in a spin.

Somewhere close to 100,000 ft., when

the X-15 met the earth's atmosphere at five times the speed of sound, National Aeronautics and Space Administration scientists suspect, the plummeting rocket ship was buffeted violently by the thickening air, sending the craft into a series of shuddering gyrations that ripped off the X-15's wings and tail assembly, leaving Adams with no control and whirling him into senselessness within seconds. The forces may have gone higher than ten times the force of gravity, transforming Adams' 5-ft., 11-in. and 180-lb. frame into a mass weighing almost a ton.

"Let's keep it up, Mike," radioed Knight. "Let's keep it up." But he heard no more from the X-15. Nobody saw it slam into the sparse Mojave Desert sagebrush 60 miles northwest of Las Vegas. Adams was aboard—the first man to die in an X-15. He did not—or could not—use the ejection device that might have parachuted him to safety.

## ARMED FORCES

### Fallen Stars

The day was dark and windy. Scuttling northwest from the ancient Buddhist capital of Hué, the two helicopters were above effective small-arms range as they followed the stretch of Vietnamese coast known as "The Street Without Joy." All at once the lead chopper erupted in a burst of fire and smoke, then crashed on its back in a flooded paddyfield, carrying five men to death. Whether the Dong Ha bound Huey was destroyed by Communist gunfire, sabotage or a freak accident may never be known, though Hanoi was quick to claim that its gunners had downed the bird. What was known was that the U.S. Marine Corps had lost its first division commander to be killed in any war. Major General Bruno A. Hochmuth, 56, two-star boss of the 26,000-man 3rd Marine Division, which has borne the brunt of the fighting in South Viet Nam this year.

Hochmuth was also the first American general officer to lose his life in Viet Nam. (Air Force Major General William Crumm was killed last July in a B-52 collision over the South China Sea.) A lean, laconic Texan who delighted in raising both flowers and barbells, Hochmuth led the 3rd Marines through the heavy spring and summer fighting around Khe Sanh, Con Thien and Cam Lo on the lacerated lower lip of the Demilitarized Zone. With his forces spread thin over two entire provinces, "Curly" Hochmuth (so known for his bald head) fought a dogged, essentially defensive war, but took the offensive brilliantly when the Marines swept through the DMZ last May, killing 1,500 North Vietnamese troops and capturing or destroying tons of supplies.

Named within hours as Hochmuth's successor was Major General Rathvon McClure Tompkins, 55, a Colorado-born veteran of Guadalcanal, Tarawa



FIREMEN SPRAYING X-15 WRECKAGE

"I'm in a spin, Pete," said the matter-of-fact voice.



HOCHMUTH



TOPKINS

*A good man gone, and another to fill his boots.*

and Saipan, where he won the Navy Cross and picked up a load of Japanese shrapnel that still causes him to limp at the end of a ten-mile hike. Known as "Tommy Two-Star" behind his back, Tompkins served in the Dominican Republic during the 1965 crisis before becoming commander of the Marines' Parris Island boot camp in June, 1966. When Marine Corps Chief of Staff Lieutenant General Henry Busse called from Washington to ask Tompkins how soon he could leave for Viet Nam, the new 3rd Marine commander replied: "Tomorrow."

### Three Who Came Through

After endless months of meager rations, disease, squatting through droning Viet Cong indoctrinations, and sleeping with their ankles locked in stocks, the three Special Forces sergeants were home. They had not been brainwashed. Daniel Lee Pitzer, 37, of Spring Lake, N.C., and James E. Jackson, 27, of Talcott, W. Va., plied their military escorts with questions about events since their capture—the Viet Nam buildup, hippies, the civil rights movement. "Is that the way America is?" asked one. The third released prisoner, Edward R. Johnson, 44, of Seaside, Calif., emaciated by disease, was dropped off in Washington for transfer to the Army's Walter Reed Hospital after the trip from New York's Kennedy International Airport. The other two were flown on to Fort Bragg, N.C., where Pitzer was joined by wife and brother, and Jackson met by a cheering group of Green Beret buddies.

Despite fatigue, spirits were high. Considering their daily fight to survive in the tiny prison compound in the pestiferous heart of the Mekong Delta, their condition was remarkable. "Coming back," said Pitzer, "is like being born again."

ders syndrome led to comedy of the absurd in the case of Pfc. Joe A. Smith. After completing engineer training at Fort Hood, Texas, Smith, also 23, went home to Brownsville, Calif., on a 30-day leave in November 1965. At leave's end he phoned Fort Hood for further instructions, was told to report to Oakland Army Terminal Dec. 28 for shipment to Thailand. Then, days later, he received a telegram telling him to disregard the reporting date and await new orders "to follow." Obeying orders to the letter, Smith settled back to wait, meanwhile picking up a \$130-a-week logging job. His wife Glenda Fay continued to receive her monthly \$95.20 allotment check.

**Crazy like a Fox.** By last June, having technically served his two-year hitch, Smith puffed on his Army duds and hopped a bus for Oakland, where he demanded his discharge. "I saw this sergeant, and he didn't know what to do with me, so he took me to see this lieutenant," dead-pans Smith. "The officer kind of went crazy. 'Don't you know there's a war on?' he asked me. 'Sure, I watch television!'" Sure, I said."

After months of waiting for the Army's decision, Smith finally got an A.C.L.U. lawyer who threatens to take the case to federal court unless Smith is honorably discharged. The Army considers those 18 months to be "bad time" and has put Smith on short pay—\$20 since June to recoup the allotments his wife received during his absence. Glenda Fay Smith meanwhile is still receiving her allotments. A runner at Sixth Army headquarters, Smith has recently been given a battery of physical and mental tests. Though the Army is mum about the results, one officer cracked that Smith was "crazy like a fox." Smith sums it all up with innocent aplomb. "I talked to the sergeant major once, and he said, 'Well, it wasn't an authorized absence.' But it wasn't unauthorized either."



PFC JOE SMITH AT LIBRARY  
To the letter.

# THE WORLD

## BRITAIN

### The Agony of the Pound

[See Cover]

It was 9:33 p.m. on a cold and foggy Saturday in Britain when the word first came. Much of the country was sprawled in stuffed chairs watching an old Doris Day movie (*Midnight Lace*) on the BBC. First there was a fragmentary bulletin that broke into the movie, then a delay in the scheduled 10:25 news while scriptwriters scrambled to get together details. In millions of living rooms up and down the length of Britain, people watched transfixed while a gay Latin American dance rhythm blared from the box, which went blank except for a slide advising: "The News Is Coming Soon." The news came all too soon for once-proud Britain. After a week in which the long agony of the British pound reached a writhing climax, Prime Minister Harold Wilson's Labor government announced a cut in the pound's exchange value from \$2.80 to \$2.40—a 14.3% devaluation.

Despite all the headlines and all the talk during a long and hard week, Britons—and many others in the Western world—experienced a deep sense of shock at the news. Until the last minute, there were hopes and rumors that Britain would be able to free herself, at least temporarily, from the heavy pressures on the pound by getting a massive loan from its Western allies. After all, the pound is one of the two international reserve currencies (with the dollar), and its devaluation was bound to throw the West into a severe monetary crisis. Still, there it was. Growing crowds booed the police outside 10 Downing Street, and London's newspapers stopped their Sunday editions on the presses. It was Britain's biggest and worst news in many years.

"It is a black day for all of us," said John Davies, director general of the Confederation of British Industry, after emerging from No. 10. The Observer called devaluation "a brave act," but most of the British press took off after Harold Wilson's scalp. "This is D-day for Britain without the flags," said the Sunday Mirror. "The 'D' this time stands for disaster and disillusion as well as for devaluation." Since Wilson had consistently denied that he would ever devalue the pound, many Britons felt betrayed as well as disheartened. "I am quite shocked," said Sir Patrick Hennessy, chairman of Ford Motor Co. "I have personally told my business friends abroad that it would not happen. I could not believe that the government would go back on its statements."

And there was more bitter medicine to swallow than devaluation. In order to back up devaluation with financial muscle, Britain not only had to go hat in hand to the International Monetary

Fund (to which it already owes \$1.4 billion) to ask for a fresh drawing of \$1.4 billion, but also had to arrange a multinational loan of \$1.6 billion from its partners, thus creating a new \$3 billion support package in order to prevent the total collapse of the pound. To back up its action, the government raised the interest rate from 6½% to 8% in order to attract foreign deposits, ordered British banks to limit their loans to priority borrowers, issued restrictions on installment buying and credit and announced plans to cut \$240 million from Britain's \$5.3 billion defense budget. It ordered all banks and money markets in the country to keep their doors closed

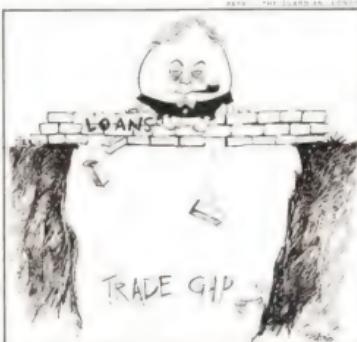
such circles, a nation's currency is its honor, and Britain's has been constantly imperiled by the country's inability to earn its own way in the world. The decision of the major powers not to devalue works to make the British move more effective, since a me-too devaluation by everybody would largely cancel out whatever benefits Britain hopes to reap from its drastic move.

**Angry Sheiks.** Last week's turmoil began with the disclosure of Britain's trade figures for October, which showed a gross deficit of nearly \$300 million, the worst such monthly gap in the country's history. That in itself was certainly ominous enough, but the context in which the deficit emerged made the figures far worse. Britain's endemic deficits are usually largest in times of expansion, when Britons, fully employed and flush with cash, step up their purchases of goods from abroad. This time, however, Britain is in the trough of a government-imposed slowdown now 18 months old, a belt-tightening period of austerity imposed by Wilson's government after another sterling crisis in 1966.

The tightening clearly failed to work, partly because Britons kept right on buying more foreign goods than the country could afford. There were other reasons for the failure that were largely beyond Britain's control. The Arab-Israeli war in June moved angry sheiks to pull more than \$100 million out of London banks and deposit it elsewhere. It also closed down the Suez Canal, costing Britain some \$600 million a year in higher shipping costs for its exports and higher prices for the fuel and other raw materials it imports. Wildcat dock strikes in London and Liverpool cost another \$180 million in exports not shipped abroad. And Wilson's austerity squeeze started at a time when world trade generally was slowing down, making it difficult for Britain to increase exports in the dramatic way that was needed to bring its trade figures into balance.

The massive trade gap, coming atop the long series of sterling crises, touched off a flurry of pound selling. Holders of sterling balances rushed to their telephones to trade their pounds for gold, dollars or any other hard currency they could buy. With the supply of pounds so much greater than the demand, the price of sterling inevitably was driven downwards, until on Friday it slipped under the government-support level of \$2.7825, to \$2.7822.

In the City, London's financial district, bewilderment and confusion ran



BRITISH CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF WILSON  
A naughty boy among the gentlemen.

on Monday of this week to reduce speculation before final I.M.F. approval of the new support funds for the pound.

**Cheaper Exports.** When Clement Attlee's Labor government first devalued the pound in 1949 (from \$4.03 to \$2.80), 23 nations followed by devaluing their own currencies. This time, several countries—Ireland, Denmark, and Israel—almost immediately followed Britain's move by devaluing, and others are sure to follow this week, particularly within the British Commonwealth. The Common Market countries immediately decided not to follow Britain's lead, and the U.S. lost no time in announcing that it has no intention of devaluing the dollar. In a White House statement, President Johnson said that he could "reaffirm unequivocally the commitment of the U.S. to buy and sell gold at the existing price of \$35 an ounce."

Devaluation will make Britain's exports cheaper and more attractive abroad, thus helping to lessen its huge balance-of-payments deficit, one of the chief causes of the pound's trouble. In the arena, gentlemanly confines of the world's money managers, Britain has long been considered a naughty boy. In

rampant. Bowler has babbled after every rumor, as wave after wave of massive selling hit sterling. Exactly how much gold and foreign-currency reserves the government had to use up to keep the pound afloat was a state secret as vital as any kept by England, but estimates ran as high as half a billion dollars for the week, half of Britain's expected 1967 payments deficit and one-sixth of its total reserves. The scene was much the same on markets in Paris, Zurich and New York. Alone and without devaluation, Britain could not have saved the pound. In New York alone, the Federal Reserve absorbed an estimated \$300 million in unwanted pounds each day last week, and on frantic Friday the U.S. helping

monies, refused to confirm or deny the rumor. As the week drew to a close and the Group of Ten's delegates disbanded and went home with nary a public promise of help for Britain, the Friday panic in money markets around the world inevitably resulted.

**Furtively Bruted About.** While all this was going on Harold Wilson and his ministers were bent on a course that they had tried desperately to avoid ever since he took over as Prime Minister three years ago. Two weeks before, Chancellor Callaghan had gone to Wilson and reported that the Treasury's quarterly forecast showed that the outlook for 1968's balance of payments looked even worse than had been expected, and in fact suggested that there

about rumors that Britain had made international loan arrangements. He did not confirm that there were such negotiations for a good reason: there had not yet, in fact, been any. It was not until after the Cabinet meeting that the government went out and started looking for loans on the basis of its decision. The Bank of England's O'Brien went to work calling up his central bank counterparts in Europe and in the U.S. The whole deal was finally arranged by Saturday afternoon.

The I.M.F., which must approve devaluation of any of its members, was notified of the plan on Friday night, and at 8 a.m. Saturday each of its directors received a telephone call summoning him to a meeting that morning in Washington. The directors gave tentative approval to Britain's plan (they are to vote formally on the matter this week), and that approval was received in London about 5 p.m. Some four hours after that, having worked out a few more details, Chancellor Callaghan made his historic announcement.

**The Once Proud Workshop.** How did Britain, where the Industrial Revolution was born, fall to such a beggar's estate among the industrial nations of the world? There is scarcely a segment of British society or an element of British tradition that is not in some way responsible for the impoverishment of the once proud workshop of the world.

The ability of a nation to earn its way in the world rests primarily on its productivity: its capacity to marshall its human and mechanical resources to produce goods that can compete with those of other nations in the world marketplace. Only then does it earn enough income to buy the things it imports. For most of the postwar years, Britain's productivity has failed to keep pace with that of its competitors. Among the major industrial nations, Britain since 1951 has had the slowest rise in productivity, the lowest rate of investment in private enterprise and the largest rise in its export prices. In its case, the equation is doubly exacting: poor in natural resources, Britain must import much of its food and the raw materials for the goods it makes.

Both British management and successive governments are to blame for not pumping enough of the right kind of investment into industry to modernize it or, in spite of all the export campaigns, for not really getting out and hard-selling British goods. The job of salesman holds little status in Britain and, for that matter, business itself still tends to be looked down upon as the domain of the hustling parvenu or the disdainful "gentleman amateur."

**Needing Every Penny.** Labor, too, with its fierce class antagonisms still smoldering and its "I'm all right Jack" attitudes, has stoutly resisted any modernization of British industry that infringed on shop-hardened rituals. The unions' push for wages, backed by a proclivity for wildest strikes unmatched in



STRIKING DOCK WORKERS IN LIVERPOOL

*Scarcely a segment of society that is not in some way responsible.*

hand may have reached \$500 million or more in a support of the foreign-exchange market not seen since the day of John Kennedy's assassination.

**The Economic Doctors.** Bank of England Governor Sir Leslie O'Brien had gone to Basel over the weekend to negotiate a loan from the Bank for International Settlements. The pound steadied on the news of a new loan, then weakened when the amount turned out to be only \$250 million—just enough to cover an installment on a loan owed the International Monetary Fund and due on Dec. 1. The *Economist* last week tartly referred to this loan as "an hors d'oeuvre." At midweek the BBC reported that Wilson was going to get a loan of \$1 billion from the Group of Ten, the free world's leading financial powers, whose representatives were then meeting in Paris' elegant Château de la Muette. Next day the pound struggled upward, only to nosedive once more when Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan, speaking in the House of Com-

would be no improvement at all over the current year. In July, Callaghan had said publicly: "Those who advocate devaluation are calling for a reduction in wage standards of every member of the working class in this country." Now, he told Wilson, he had concluded that Britain would have to devalue, that "there's a point at which determination becomes obstinacy"—and that he had now passed that point. Exports were hardly rising, he told his boss, and yet enough wage increases had crept past the barrier of the Labor Party's price and income squeeze so that rising demand kept imports growing at an alarming rate.

The subject of devaluation began to be furtively broached about among small groups of Wilson's ministers for the next several days, but it was not taken up at a formal Cabinet meeting until last Thursday. At the meeting the government made its decision to devalue. That afternoon, Callaghan had to go before the Commons to answer questions

any country, sent hourly earnings soaring some 40% from 1960 to 1966. While Britain's productivity grew by only 18%, West Germany's was rising 29% and Italy's 40%. The result was that British goods were priced out of the market, while Britons used their money to buy more and more foreign, imported goods.

Britain's pretensions to playing the role of a great power added to her trade-imbalance difficulties. She still keeps fairly large worldwide defense commitments; last year gave \$630 million in foreign aid. For most countries, their money is their own, to use as they wish abroad. But the British pound, as a reserve currency, is used much like an international money by traders and central banks the world over. The U.S. can afford to let its money be used by others; Britain, needing every penny it mints, no longer can, but has long insisted on continuing to try. The result is that when the Bank of England is driven to the wall to defend sterling, it may discover that as much as 75% of the supply of pounds extant is in the hands of foreigners—and out of reach.

**No Panacea.** Only twice before in the 20th century have Britain's economic troubles required a devaluation of the pound, and both times the step was taken by Labor governments. Britain's first devaluation was in 1931, when it went off the gold standard in the midst of the Great Depression; that move forever tarnished Labor Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald's image in his party. The second was Attlee's in 1949, when none other than Harold Wilson, then head of the Board of Trade, took a major part in planning the devaluation. Properly done, a devaluation can turn a nation's trade deficit into a surplus practically overnight. It is not, however, a politician's panacea, since it means initially a sharp reduction in the standard of living of the devaluating nation's citizenry as manufacturers' profits decline and the cost of what a workingman buys goes up.

Last week's devaluation forever shattered an article of faith, solemnly sworn to by governments on both sides of the Atlantic, that unilateral devaluation was no longer possible, since it would dismember the many fragile and intricate international monetary mechanisms that have developed since 1949. Keeping those mechanisms oiled and balanced is the task of the international banking community's senior members, who are usually referred to as The Club. The Club works with the International Monetary Fund in Washington and the Bank for International Settlements in Basel, the official bankers to countries.

No country has kept The Club busier or given it more nightmares than Britain, whose economy has palpitated in maddeningly regular intervals through a dozen sterling crises in 18 years. The pattern soon became all too familiar: a period of expansion leading straight to the brink of bankruptcy for sterling at

\$2.80, then a rescue loan to buy time while the government damped down the economy. Once a spell of austerity built up Britain's reserves anew, governments invariably felt politically impelled to relax restrictions and let the whole expansion-to-the-brink process begin again.

**To Save the Pound.** When Prime Minister Harold Wilson and the Socialists took power late in 1964, the pound was in one of its deeper malaises. Before he took office, Wilson had warned the Commons that "devaluation would be regarded all over the world as an acknowledgment of defeat, a recognition that we are not on a springboard but a slide." Still, there were those who argued, and last week saw their arguments vindicated, that Wilson's first act as Prime Minister should have been devaluation. He could justifiably have laid the blame on 13 years of Tory mismanagement and cleared the slate for the fundamental overhaul of the economy needed to make his Socialist dreams of progress for the country at least feasible.

Instead, to the profound dismay of Labor's left wing and the trade unions, he set in motion the classic Tory remedies for the "stop" part of the stop-go cycle and, moreover, set them in motion awkwardly. First came a 15% surcharge on imports, a small tax incentive to exporters and a vague plan for regulating wage increases. When that failed to stem the run on the pound, Wilson raised the bank rate from 5% to the "crisis level" of 7%. The panic only increased, so Wilson appealed to the Club, Bank of England Governor Lord Cromer and the professionals of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board got on the transatlantic phones. Working all through one night, they secretly rallied their central banker colleagues around the world and came up with \$3 billion in pledges to rescue the pound.

The speculators were beaten off, and the pound gradually recovered, until the next expansion-fueled strain on sterling's resources. It came in July of last year. To meet it, Wilson took, as he told President Johnson, "steps that have not been taken by any other democratic government in the world." He froze wages and prices for six months, to be followed by another half-year of "great restraint." Government-investment programs were slashed by \$370 million, indirect taxes raised 10% and another 10% surcharge slapped on higher income brackets. Wilson told the British people that the massive austerity was required "to save the pound."

**Hitlerian Mistakes.** The pound, as it turned out last week, was not to be saved this time, despite nearly 18 months of Wilsonian defiance that has pushed unemployment up to 555,000 in a work force of 20 million, slowed the country's industrial growth to a meager 1.5% and created widespread dissatisfaction with Wilson's stewardship as Prime Minister. A Gallup poll published last week, before devaluation,

found Wilson's "the most unpopular of all postwar governments" in Britain. Another poll a week earlier indicated that an election now would produce a landslide Tory victory, installing Edward Heath as Prime Minister with a 150-seat majority in the House of Commons. In the past 18 months Labor has lost six of eleven by-elections, as many as Harold Macmillan's troubled Tory regime dropped in five years in office.

Wilson is in almost as much trouble within his own party. The utopian Socialists condemn him for sacrificing theory to the hard facts of economic life. The leftists and unionists suspect him of endorsing "a permanent pool of unemployment" to encourage holding wages in check. When National Coal Board Chairman Lord Robens announced two weeks ago that mine em-



CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER CALLAGHAN  
More bitter medicine to come.

ployment would drop by 80% in the next twelve years, angry groups of miners threatened to pull out of Labor and start a new political party. Major business leaders that Wilson had drawn into government service have been resigning, and the predictable fire from the Tory business community at a Socialist Prime Minister has been heavier than normal. Imperial Chemical Industries Chairman Sir Paul Chambers recently accused Wilson of making the same economic mistake as Hitler.

**Purely Domestic.** Having sworn so long to defend the pound against even the idea of devaluation, Harold Wilson gave plenty of new ammunition to the Tories when he broke his word. Tory Leader Ted Heath greeted the news by saying, "I utterly condemn the government for devaluing the pound," but Quintin Hogg, the Tories' shadow Home Secretary, made a more telling thrust: "People are angry and humiliated by this decision," he said. "At last they will realize that the Labor government cannot govern with its financial policies."

Still, few feel that Harold Wilson is

about to lose his job. Though the Tories would certainly demand a censure vote, Wilson, with Labor's 81-plus seat majority, would almost as certainly win it. And unlike Attlee, who devalued in 1939 with only a few months of his term left, Wilson has until 1971 before he must call a general election. If devaluation at last begins to set Britain on the road to economic health, Wilson could go to the country by then with less trepidation.

The question in Britain, and around the world, was whether the devaluation would really work. The bankers of The Club are understandably a skeptical lot where British promises are concerned. Early last week several dismissed talk of devaluation. "A temporary respite," said the Deutsche Bank's Hermann Abs. "Not a real solution," observed Swiss Union Bank Chairman Dr. Alfred Schaefer. "Devaluation alone would only be a temporary measure," said Bank of America President Rudi Peterson. The British are well aware that devaluation alone is not enough. Chancellor Callaghan indicated that the government would couple it with enough muscle at home to ensure a turnaround into the black in the balance of payments of \$1.2 billion a year. The giant Trades Union Congress was due to meet this week to discuss voluntary wage restraints, essential to ensure that a new round of wage and price increases does not quickly nullify the gains of the devaluation. But the feeling abroad was that Wilson had devalued as a purely domestic political move, being unwilling to suffer the political consequences of imposing the strict economic reforms that the world banking community is convinced Britain needs.

**The Larger Market.** The ripples of the pound's plunge inevitably reach far beyond Britain. The U.S. had long pressed massive loans on Wilson in lieu of devaluation because it feared the effect on the dollar. "If it can happen to sterling," observed one Treasury consultant, "people are sure to ask, can't it happen to the dollar too?" Some probing speculation against the dollar this week seemed likely.

Perhaps the most positive effect of devaluation could be on Britain's application for Common Market membership. Most economists believe that Britain's final economic salvation lies in a larger market. In devaluing, Britain has fulfilled one of Charles de Gaulle's—and the Common Market Commission's—two stated requirements for entry. The other is the gradual dropping of sterling as a reserve currency, which Wilson's emissaries to Europe have already agreed to consider. Devaluation thus constitutes a major step toward meeting Europe's conditions. The real question, though, is whether Harold Wilson will follow it up with the toughness and tenacity that will be required if Britain is really to reap any lasting benefit from last week's disturbing step.

## FRANCE

### The American Challenge

"Will you get rid of De Gaulle?" asked President Kennedy in 1963. "Or will De Gaulle get rid of you?" The question, addressed to young French Publisher Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, was meant only partly as a joke. Even then, Servan-Schreiber was the most eloquent, most influential—and most consistent—critic that *le vieux Charles* had to endure. As a liberal who believed in the West, he abhorred De Gaulle's rejection of the U.S. and Britain as partners in the development of Europe. As publisher of the weekly newsmagazine *L'Express*, he has con-

tinued to do so. "The American invasion is not a torrent of riches," he writes. "It is a torrent of steel. The war is being fought against us not with dollars, oil, tons of steel or even modern machines, but with creative imagination and a talent for organization." Last week Servan-Schreiber told TIME Correspondent James Wilde: "What America has done is to change the entire concept of culture, the values of civilization. The new American culture is not Chartres or Versailles, but the organization of talent. The Americans organize intelligence so that it creates. They have an industrial and scientific strategy. That's real culture."

**We Must Change.** To meet the challenge, he believes, "we must change. We must change our educational system, our tax system, our whole intellectual outlook." The changes also involve the European Common Market, which Servan-Schreiber is convinced must be expanded to include Britain and allowed to operate by majority decision rather than being restricted by the veto power that De Gaulle insists is the right of all member states. De Gaulle understands none of these facts. Servan-Schreiber told Wilde, "He's an old man with a 19th century mind. He doesn't understand economics. He's a historic monument, like Notre Dame. If France is ever to be modernized, De Gaulle must leave before 1970."



SERVAN-SCHREIBER ON DAILY RUN

*The theory was anything but trivial.*

stably attacked Gaullist protectionism as symbolic of "the old France and a petrified Europe." Last week all of France was arguing about a new Servan-Schreiber book that, despite its title, *Le Défi Américain (The American Challenge)*, is far more anti-De Gaulle than anti-American.

In the four weeks since it was published, the book has sold 150,000 copies, a French record. It has been reviewed by every reputable French publication. It has been read by practically all the members of the National Assembly and cited by politicians of almost every stripe. De Gaulle himself has not deigned to comment publicly, but he reportedly told a friend that the book was "an irrefutable analysis—but the theory is trivial."

**Third Power.** The theory is anything but trivial. All of Western Europe, says Servan-Schreiber, 43, is being taken

## WEST GERMANY

### Socialist Showdown

Gone from the hall in Bad Godesberg were the usual red flags with which West Germany's Socialist party has always announced its allegiance to the workers. Instead, as the Socialists met in emergency session last week, they faced decorations of totally nonpolitical yellow chrysanthemums. The switch was both intentional and symbolic. The leaders of the Social Democrats are trying to turn the world's oldest Socialist party (104 years) into a more broadly based "people's party." The trouble with the effort is that it has raised a storm of protest from the trade unions, long

the backbone of the party. The unions angrily charge that the party has sold out its Socialist principles in return for a role as junior partner to the conservative Christian Democrats in Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger's eleven-month-old Grand Coalition.

**Particularly Furious.** The Socialists have been out of power in Germany for 36 years, ever since they served briefly in the Weimar Republic coalition. Now that they have the responsibility of government, things look different than when they merely opposed. The unions accuse them of acting like reactionaries—of dismantling the German welfare system because they voted to impose small prescription and health-insurance fees on pensioners, of sabotaging the coal-mining Ruhr because they refuse to block U.S. oil imports, and of giving aid and comfort to capitalists because Socialist Economics Minister Karl Schiller has pumped government spending into industry instead of giving bigger unemployment benefits to workers. The discontent has grown so great that it has threatened to undercut the positions of the Socialist leaders in Bonn and to paralyze the workings of the coalition.

Alarmed by this development, Party Boss Willy Brandt, the coalition's Foreign Minister, called the emergency conference to enable the unions and local politicians to let off steam. Both groups are particularly furious at Herbert Wehner, the terrible-tempered party strategist of the coalition. They blame him for coming all too speedily to the troubled Christian Democrats' rescue by agreeing to a coalition, thus depriving the Socialists of a chance to take over completely in the next election.

Wehner and Socialist ministers in the coalition defended their actions as necessary for Germany's welfare, promised to press hard for Socialist goals when the country can better afford

them. Brandt managed to defuse the conference by warning the Christian Democrats not to expect the Socialists to be "meek as lambs." "I call the Grand Coalition neither a marriage of love nor a shotgun marriage," he said, "but a question of practical politics." After that, the Socialist delegates departed, considerably meeker themselves.

**Political Polarization.** For the moment, Brandt and his ministers had staved off a revolt and saved the coalition at a time when it needed a new display of confidence. Though it has been able to straighten out the country's tangled budget, halt the recession and initiate a new and more independent foreign policy, the coalition has had one negative effect. By uniting West Germany's two dominant parties in one center-oriented government, it has blocked out effective parliamentary opposition on both the right and left. As a result, those who do not like the government's actions have tended to migrate to small "extra-parliamentary" opposition groups at either extreme of the political spectrum.

On the far right, the National Democrats made their best showing yet in the recent Bremen state elections and, if present trends continue, may place as many as 20 or 30 delegates in the Bundestag after the 1969 elections. On the left, most of Germany's intellectuals have deserted the Socialists—who have suffered the most serious vote losses—for nihilistic New Left parties and a Red-fronting German Peace Union. German politicians consider this polarization to be a warning that the Grand Coalition must get on with its mission of modernizing West Germany's archaic political structure and then split up. Only then will the country have again a strong two-party system that can direct dissent into constructive channels, thus preventing it from becoming the property of political extremists.



DEBRAY UNDER GUARD  
Exactly as he demanded.

## BOLIVIA

### Unwitting Betrayal

While they were close friends and joint participants in the recent guerrilla uprising in Bolivia, French Marxist Jules Debray and Castroite Guerrilla Che Guevara unwittingly betrayed each other. The betrayal cost Che his life last month. Last week Debray paid with his freedom. After a 53-day trial in the steaming Bolivian oil town of Camiri, a military court found the dashing young (27) French intellectual guilty of murder, theft and rebellion. It sentenced him to 30 years in prison.

**Tip on Che.** A confidant of Fidel Castro and the author of a new handbook on guerrilla warfare (*Revolution in the Revolution?*), Debray was captured last April as he walked out of an abandoned guerrilla camp in the Andean foothills. With him were Argentine Painter Ciro Roberto Bustos, who stood trial with Debray, and British Freelance Photographer George Roth, who was later released. At first, Debray claimed that he was a journalist on assignment for a Mexican magazine and backed up his claim by describing how he had interviewed Che Guevara in the bush. That gave the Bolivian government its first real evidence that the elusive Che was actually leading the guerrilla movement, and the army immediately stepped up its anti-guerrilla offensive to try to get him. Eventually, it stamped out most of the 50-member band and captured and executed Che himself.

It also captured Che's diaries and decoded messages, which clearly showed that Debray (whose guerrilla code name was "Danton") was no mere journalist. Evidence from the diaries presented during the trial indicated that Debray was actually a courier between Guevara ("Ramón") and Fidel Castro ("Léche"), who was supplying money, arms, training and medicines to the revolution-



BRANDT & WEHNER AT SOCIALIST CONFERENCE IN BAD GODESBERG  
Neither love nor shotgun in the marriage.

aries. "The Frenchman wants to join us," Che wrote in his diary March 21. "I asked him to go organize a network of support in France, where he would return after passing through Havana. He wants to marry his girl and have a son." Then on March 25: "Long oral report on the situation to the Frenchman. We decided to call the movement the National Liberation Front of Bolivia."

After a month in the high jungle wilderness, Debray became anxious to return to France and get on with his task. "The Frenchman," Guevara wrote, "dwells too vehemently on the usefulness of his foreign mission." In early April, Guevara gave the impatient Debray three options: "First, continue with us. Second, get out alone. Third, go to

## THE WAR

Of all the varied and difficult terrain in South Viet Nam, the jungled peaks and malarial valleys of the Central Highlands would seem least worth winning. Scant crops grow there, and scarcely any Vietnamese live there. The triple canopy of jungle foliage shadows the ground in a perpetual, skyless twilight. But, on the Highlands' border where Laos and Cambodia meet, there is a valuable piece of real estate: a natural valley that funnels through the worst border mountains out into the gentler highland countryside, rolling down to the sea. Astride the valley sits Dak To, until three weeks ago a dusty airstrip guarded by one U.S. battalion

mortarmen did manage to inflict some spectacular damage on Dak To before pulling back. Firing 82-mm. mortars from less than two miles away, the Communists destroyed two big C-130 transport planes sitting on the Dak To air-strip. Then, in a second attack the same day, they scored a direct hit on the hastily-built-up Dak To ammunition dump. For the next eight hours U.S. soldiers in and around Dak To cowered in their bunkers while tracer bullets arced in all directions, flares popped like fireworks and shells exploded. Seven tons of C-4 plastic explosive went off simultaneously, producing the largest blast of the Viet Nam war. A 1,000-ft. ball of fire shot upward, lighting the whole valley and billowing into a mushroom cloud. The shock wave knocked men off their feet half a mile away and all but destroyed the Special Forces camp. Astonishingly, no one was killed, and only three men were injured in the holocaust.

**Prowling the Grounds.** Meanwhile, the grinding battle in the hills around Dak To continued, as U.S. infantrymen hunted for an enemy ever more reluctant to come out and fight. Some of the toughest combat took place four miles south of Dak To. Fourth Division infantrymen, in a fierce seven-hour firefight, finally blasted the North Vietnamese off Hill 1338, a peak 4,000 ft. above the Dak To valley floor, from which Communist rocketeers could have zeroed in on U.S. emplacements. Ten miles to the southwest, men of the 173rd seized Hill 889, tenaciously defended by the Communists because it supported an antiaircraft gun. And at week-end, heavy fighting erupted anew as a 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Battalion flushed a force of North Vietnamese Army regulars on a mountain flank hard by the Lautian border.

In nearby Cambodia, three American newsmen—the U.P.I.'s Ray Herndon and the A.P.'s Horst Faas and George McArthur—took Cambodian Prince Norodom Sihanouk up on his offer to prove, if they could, that the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong were using Cambodia as a sanctuary. Armed with specific map coordinates from U.S. intelligence in Saigon, they uncovered a headquarters complex only nine miles from the South Vietnamese town of Loc Ninh, which the Communists unsuccessfully attacked three weeks ago; the complex included a well-stocked dispensary, officers' quarters, storage facilities and huts for some 500 men. Leading towards the Vietnamese border was a road paved with six-inch-diameter logs for trucks, and truck tracks were everywhere. Back in Phnompenh, Sihanouk promised a full investigation but said that he found it hard to believe that the camp was permanent. U.P.I. man Herndon, however, had foresightedly prodded the camp grounds and came up with some important Viet Cong vouchers. Their dates ranged from as early as February right on to Nov. 1.



[the town of] Gutierrez," and make his way back to La Paz. Debray chose the third alternative, and toward mid-April he left the camp with Bustos and Roth —only to be captured a few hours later.

**An Integral Part.** Faced with the overwhelming evidence against him and depressed over the death of Che, Debray finally changed his story and, in effect, pleaded guilty. "I want to make clear," he told the court, "that this mission of mine to tell people abroad of the aims of the guerrillas is an integral part of revolutionary work. In this sense, I not only affirm but demand that the tribunal consider me morally and politically co-responsible for the acts of my guerrilla comrades." And so it did: Bustos, his Argentine comrade, was sentenced at the same time to 30 years. After the sentencing, the Bolivian army seemed determined to close the whole Debray matter, which has become a *cause célèbre* in France. The court's legal adviser denied permission for any appeals and, as defense attorneys rose to protest, Court President Efraim Gaucho bashed his gavel so angrily that it snapped in two, and then adjourned the court.

and a 500-man Vietnamese paramilitary unit in a Special Forces camp.

**Flares Like Fireworks.** The North Vietnamese obviously saw Dak To as not much of an obstacle to their plan to sweep down through the valley to overrun the town of Kontum, then turn eastward for a damaging drive into the Highlands' heart (see map). Four regiments of North Vietnamese, some 10,000 men strong, began positioning themselves in the hills around Dak To. The U.S. watched the buildup carefully, monitoring it with infrared body-heat detectors mounted in planes, "sniffer" helicopters able to locate hidden groups of men by their sweat, and covert, long-range reconnaissance teams operating in the jungles. Three weeks ago, the U.S. began pouring reinforcements into Dak To, joining the battle for access to the Highlands before the North Vietnamese were ready. By last week, as the fighting went on, some 10,000 allied troops had entered the battle and in 18 days had killed 764 Communists soldiers v. 136 U.S. dead. It became clear that the Communists were not going to get a military victory at Dak To.

A few accurate North Vietnamese

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## NORTH VIET NAM

### The Trials of Ho

For his "contributions to the struggle against imperialism," Moscow recently conferred the Order of Lenin on Ho Chi Minh. Last week Ho said no. He asked for a delay "until the day when our people have driven off the U.S. imperialist aggressors and completely liberated our fatherland." Since that day does not seem imminent, even to North Viet Nam's intransigent leaders, Ho must wonder, at 77 and in none-too-vigorous health, whether he will ever wear Moscow's medal.

What will happen when Ho goes? For two decades his personality has provided the cement for one of the most stable Communist regimes in the world. Unlike China, whose collective leadership around Mao averages the venerable age of nearly 70, North Viet Nam's leaders are uniformly a generation younger than Ho. No matter who succeeds Ho, Western analysts see little hope of any major change in Hanoi's tough, tenacious policy.

**Son of a Mandarin.** The most likely successor to Ho as President is Premier Pham Van Dong, 59, who already presides over much of the government's day-to-day business and is by far the most visible man in the Hanoi hierarchy. The son of a mandarin who was the private secretary to Emperor Duy Tan, Dong became a nationalist during his student days, and in 1925 went to Canton and joined Ho, who was already training Communist cadres for revolution in Viet Nam. They have been together ever since. Dong headed Ho's delegation at the 1954 Geneva Conference, was made Premier in 1955. It was Dong, speaking before North Viet Nam's 366-man National Assembly in 1965, who first spelled out Hanoi's now-famous "four points" for the settlement of the war, stipulating U.S. withdrawal and a neutral, reunified Viet Nam "in accordance with the program" of the Viet Cong.

After Ho, North Viet Nam may well inherit a Russian-style rule by oligarchy. With Dong as President, the party chieftainship now held by Ho would likely go to the shadowy Le Duan, 59, the Central Committee's first secretary and chief whip behind North Viet Nam's attempt to seize South Viet Nam. General Vo Nguyen Giap, 56, the Defense Minister and man in charge of North Viet Nam's armed forces, would almost certainly join Dong and Le Duan in any leadership troika.

It was once fashionable among Hanologists to divide the North Vietnamese leadership into hawks and doves, hard-lining pro-Chinese and more flexible pro-Moscow factions. The pressures of all-out war have long since buried such fine distinctions, if they ever existed at all. All the evidence coming out of Hanoi indicates a unified opposition to negotiations of any kind and for any purpose with the United



PHAM VAN DONG



HO CHI MINH

*Moscow's troika, if not its medal.*

## CHINA

### Army in Command

States. As for his divided allies, Ho always scrupulously praises both Russia and China in the same breath, even though Moscow insists that it is now providing more than 80% of North Viet Nam's wherewithal to carry on the war under U.S. aerial pressure.

**Rotting Cargoes.** That pressure went up one more notch last week when U.S. planes for the first time bombed a boat-building and repair yard near the center of Haiphong, adding a new target to the overall effort to isolate the port city. Air Force photographs show that each day Haiphong looks less and less like a working port. As many as a dozen ships flying British, Russian and Polish flags are frequently tied up waiting to unload. Cargoes are stacked up, rusting and rotting, on the docks and jammed under every bit of covered space. All four bridges leading out of the city, which is essentially an island, have been bombed into the water.

Nature is also working against Haiphong. Much like New Orleans, Haiphong harbor silt up rapidly and must be dredged frequently to keep its channel navigable. No large dredges have dared work for the past two years, and already the bottom has built up an average of six to eight inches, so that at low tide docked ships already rest on sludge in places. Even when the North Vietnamese succeed in getting their vital supplies out of Haiphong, systematic U.S. bombing has raised other obstacles. Of the 14,000 trucks that Hanoi has received from Russia in the past three years, according to U.S. intelligence estimates, 9,000 have been destroyed by bombing.

Ho and Co. fully expect—and have so informed recent visitors—that before the war is over Hanoi and Haiphong will both be leveled to the ground. The North Vietnamese have built a cave-dwelling system for Ho and the government in the Thai Nguyen hills north of Hanoi. Ho already spends a good deal of time there.

The People's Liberation Army of China has always been much more than just an army. A highly indoctrinated force whose 2,700,000 troopers hold their guns in one hand and the teachings of Mao Tse-tung in the other, it has been described by Mao himself as "an armed body for carrying out the political tasks of the revolution." An elite force, it can pick and choose its members from the 5,000,000 or so Chinese who come of military age each year, and it has long been a primary training ground for party leaders. While seeking to provide for China's defense, it has also frequently taken direct part in domestic affairs, from running land-reclamation projects to acting as the "great school" for revolutionary militancy. Now the P.L.A. faces a task of greater magnitude than any it has ever before confronted short of war. In its effort to clean up the wreckage of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, it has practically taken over the running of China.

**No Mistakes.** Mao and his friends still sit in Peking, of course, steering China's overall course. But the Cultural Revolution so severely battered all normal channels of control and command—the party and government bureaucracies, the factories, farms and schools—that only the army remains with enough organizational integrity and discipline to pull the country back from anarchy. The P.L.A.'s commanders and fighters (its egalitarian bent permits no ranks) have practically taken political control of China: nearly all the country's 26 provinces and regions are run by army men, and they are the only visible authority in five. Soldiers are in the schools, in many state ministries, in the factories and even in the fields. In some instances they are actually on production lines, or running railroads; in others, they are busy restoring law and order and knocking heads together. Last



PLA MARCHING & QUOTING MAO  
Teachers in the "great school."

week, as the semiannual Canton trade fair opened a month late, heavily armed soldiers patrolled the fair site with fixed bayonets—the first time in the fair's eleven-year history that such protection has been felt necessary. "Now we must rely on the army," Defense Minister Lin Piao said recently, "and it must not make mistakes."

Peking has just launched a new campaign in which the army will step in and help China's political cadres, most of whom were condemned and ostracized as revisionists during the Cultural Revolution, to regain the positions from which they were ousted. Since these officials ordinarily have personal contacts with the people and carry out orders from the top, their absence has rendered chaotic the day-to-day administration of public affairs. The army's new task, said Peking's People's Daily, is to help them to "educate and emancipate themselves" on the job.

**No Exams.** P.L.A. men have also been asked to halt all factional squabbling between revolutionary groups, to rebuild the organizational structures shattered by the Cultural Revolution and to bring back to the fold badly needed technicians and managers ousted or frightened away by Red Guard rabble-rousing. As the *de facto* government in most of China, the army is also expected to recognize—and support—"true Maoist revolutionaries" as opposed to the troublemakers. Wherever the Cultural Revolution still seems to be gaining ground, it is almost invariably under the aegis of the army, a fact that leads

some Sinologists to conclude that the P.L.A. may eventually set up a military dictatorship in China.

The P.L.A. men have even been made train officers of sorts. They are busy trying to bring the kids back to school and keep them there, after that swinging 18-month holiday in which China's youngsters made revolution but no progress in their schooling. Orders for the reopening of schools went out in the spring and again last summer, but were mostly ignored; only 25% of the country's 800,000 college students and its 14 million middle-school pupils have actually gone back to their desks. To help re-enrollment along, army men are conducting study groups in Mao-think and are bossing paramilitary training for the students. One other lure: they are getting ready to do away with exams in all the schools.

## BURMA

### Break with Neutrality

Ne Win, the ascetic Burmese ruler, never was a man for glad-handing foreign visitors or rubbing elbows with his people. In recent months, the one-time army commander has become even more of a recluse than before. Since midsummer, he has not been seen in public, has met with no members of the press and has limited his contacts among Burmese political leaders to a small handful of inside advisers. Ne Win has good reason to be withdrawn and moody. Right now, Burma has as many troubles as any country in Southeast Asia.

**Peking Troublemaking.** Ne Win's "Socialist Way," which called for the nationalization of just about everything, continues to lead straight to economic chaos. When Ne Win took over five years ago, Burma was the world's biggest rice exporter; now it produces barely enough to feed itself. The government is trying to persuade Burmese to switch their diet to wheat, which can be imported cheaply. The state-run distribution system has become so chaotic that it has almost choked off the flow of food and goods within the country. Burma's standard of living, never very high, is steadily sinking.

The outlook on the political front is even more grave. Since the rupture in friendly relations with China last June, Peking has openly called for a people's revolt. Radio Peking last week urged the Burmese to fight "until the Burmese Chiang Kai-shek is dead." Toward that end, Peking is funneling money and supplies to an army of 5,000 guerrillas who are known as the "White Flags," the local name for the Peking-lining Communist Party of Burma. During the past four months, they have attacked and held for as long as two days no fewer than nine important towns in the rice-growing crescent north of Rangoon. In one week in October, the White Flags blew up three trains on the government-owned railroad, killing or wounding at least 30 people.

The Communists are also attempting to win control over the back-country tribesmen, who have been in rebellion against the Rangoon government ever since Burma won independence 20 years ago. The main targets of the Communists are the warlike Karen tribesmen on the Eastern border with Thailand and the Shan and Kachin tribes, who live along the 1,200-mile border with China. So far, the Communists have had only limited success; the tribesmen distrust the Chinese just as much as they distrust Ne Win. Even so, the Communists claim that Ne Win's regime controls only about two-thirds of the country by day, less than half by night. That is not far from right.

**U.S. Caution.** Faced with the insurgency threat, Ne Win has gradually backed off from his old aloof position as a 200% neutral. He now seeks aid wherever he can find it. A Russian mission went to Burma a few months ago and discussed the possibility of a sizable Soviet aid commitment. When Premier Eisaku Sato visited Rangoon earlier this month, Ne Win made a pitch for stepped-up payments of Japanese reparations. German Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger goes to Burma later this month, and Ne Win is expected to ask him for increased German aid. There are also reports in Rangoon about big shipments of U.S. counterinsurgency weaponry and of the presence of a U.S. training mission to teach Burmese pilots to fly newly delivered F-86 jet fighters. Washington officials stress that the U.S. intends to avoid any deep commitment in Burma—and with good reason. The country's rapid rate of deterioration makes South Viet Nam seem almost a model of stability.

## THE PHILIPPINES

### Victory for the Non-Candidate

Though it was not a presidential election, the President's political life was at stake. Last week's national polling in the Philippines was held to fill eight of the 24 seats in the Senate, the governorships of 65 provinces and 1,427 town and city halls. The man who campaigned hardest—and had the most to win or lose—was a non-candidate, President Ferdinand Marcos, 50. Marcos chose to make the election a referendum on his two-year record of land reform, public works and school construction, also saw it as an opportunity to win control of his often rebellious Senate. Dressed in sport shirt and slacks, he showed up at as many as four campaign rallies a night and traveled 10,000 miles around the country, asking the electorate to keep the Philippines "on the move" by voting for his Nacionalista Party candidates.

Many in the Philippines felt that Marcos needlessly imperiled his programs by tying them to the outcome of local elections, but the gamble paid off. When the votes were counted, Marcos had won an overwhelming victory. Filipino voters elected 50 Nacionalista govern-



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nors, 1,050 Nacionalista mayors—including those of every important city except Manila—and six Nacionalista senators, enough to give Marcos the majority he needed. So lopsided was the vote, in fact, that it seemed to make the youthful President an almost certain winner if, as expected, he decides to run for re-election in 1969.

## TANZANIA

### Dressing Up the Masai

For centuries, the nomadic Masai tribesmen have loped like lions across their vast grazing plains near Mount Kilimanjaro, wearing nothing much more confining than a breechcloth of caicco. Even in recent years, the Masai have continued to carry spears, smear their bodies with a red ochre pigment, hang weighty battle-axes in their pendulous ear lobes and quaff their favorite brew of clotted steer's blood, curdled milk and cow urine. Now Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere has decided that it is time for the Masai to pick up some civilized habits. In a policy designed to stamp out "ancient, unhealthy customs," he has ordered the 100,000 Masai to put on some clothes, abandon their tribal rituals and start doing their share toward reaching the goals he holds for Tanzania.

**"Noble Savage."** Nyerere has turned over the job of Westernizing the Masai to Aaron Weston Mkwang'ata, the commissioner of the territory in which most of them live. Mkwang'ata has instructed tribesmen to throw away their animal skins and skimpy loincloths and "dress in something better than a dirty sheet or a meager yard of cloth that exhibits your buttocks," has also warned them against allowing tourists to "take your naked pictures." He has backed up his crusade with penalties. In the past few weeks, about 250 Masai caught disobeying the new regulations have been locked up briefly in cells in the regional center, Arusha. Hundreds of young Masai have been drafted into a kind of national construction corps in which they must wear olive green fatigues, floppy jungle hats and heavy boots. If necessary, says Mkwang'ata, police are prepared to herd the Masai into mass baths, burn their ceremonial garb in public and shave off their coquered hair.

With Western clothes on, the Masai may lose their lucrative business of posing for camera-carrying tourists for a 1-shilling (14¢) fee; they adopt a menacing pose for 2 shillings. Nyerere, who himself usually wears a Chinese-style boiler suit, does not seem to care about the tourists' revenues that he may lose. His policy reflects not only the prudish nationalism of his socialist state but a black backlash against foreigners who, Mkwang'ata claims, romanticize the Masai as "walking, talking specimens of the noble savage." However, as an English-language newspaper, the Tanzania Standard, points out, Nyerere's policy ignores one fact: "To dress lightly makes sense in the heat of the tropics."

**Enlarged Wardrobes.** Luckily for Nyerere, the government has an ally in the Masai chief, Edward Mbarnoti, who moves among the tribes picture-postcard elders dressed in pants, white shirt and knitted pullover. Named "Great Speaker of the Masai" in 1959, Mbarnoti, who is in his 40s, has since urged his nomadic people to settle down and learn modern ways. The Masai seem resigned to ultimately becoming more Westernized. What will hurt them far more than having to enlarge their wardrobes is the government campaign to suppress their lion hunts and other deep cultural traditions. Last week the 50,000 Masai in neighboring Kenya—still photogenic in their loincloths—whooed it

and civil war. With the British will depart much of the country's economy, London paid most government expenses. British troops generated 30% of the country's gross national product; the British free port brought tourist dollars into Aden, and the British Petroleum Co. built the Federation's only significant industry—an oil refinery 25 miles from Aden. Even in the unlikely event that the British departure brings peace, it will throw at least 25% of the labor force out of work. And the new government will have to tackle the potentially disastrous job of changing a British-oriented wage structure that is inflated far beyond the country's means.

**Crater Shells.** The British hope to turn power over to a terrorist group known as the National Liberation Front, which has won the support of the Federation's 9,000-man army. But even as N.L.F. President Qasian al Shuaibi—who may become the country's first head of state—prepared to meet the British in Geneva this week to discuss the transfer of power, a rival terrorist group, FLOSY (Front for the Liberation of South Yemen), threatened to contest the N.L.F. takeover with violence. No wonder British Foreign Secretary George Brown told the House of Commons in wistful tones: "Her Majesty's government has not had an easy road to follow in bringing South Arabia to independence."

The British departure is all but complete. The tax-free shops of Aden's Steamer Point, which once swarmed with cruise-ship tourists, are now boarded up and deserted. The Crescent Hotel, hub of colonial life, is virtually empty. Aden harbor, no longer a port of call, was filled last week with the glowering grey warships of the British fleet, including the 43,000-ton aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Eagle*. All but 3,000 of the 12,000-man garrison have already been evacuated by ship and plane, most to British bases in Bahrain or Masqat and Oman; the rest will be gone by the middle of next week. Because terrorist units operating from Aden's seething Crater district have been lobbing mortar shells on the port and the city's Khormaksar airbase as a farewell gesture, the British have had to post two regiments in the district simply to protect their rear.

**Guns on the Sea.** The new nation, which will be known as South Yemen rather than South Arabia, hopes eventually to merge with neighboring Yemen. Meantime, it is asking the British to support it to the tune of \$55 million a year for three years. The N.L.F. intends to run the country along the lines of Arab socialism, but disavows any Communist leanings. It also plans a policy of "positive neutrality"—though its idea of neutrality sounds rather limited. Both the N.L.F. and FLOSY have promised to set up artillery positions commanding the mouth of the Red Sea. Once they are installed, the world's newest nation threatens to use its guns to try to close passage to Israeli shipping.



CHIEF MBARNOTI & WARRIORS  
Baths and shaves, if need be.

up in their gala *ewenous* initiation rite for new tribal elders. Though it is the most important of the Masai ceremonies, their brothers in Tanzania are unlikely to celebrate it ever again.

## SOUTH YEMEN

### Yoke of Independence

In its rush to rid itself of the weight of empire, Britain has often bestowed independence on lands that had no business accepting it. Botswana, for example, is an empty but now sovereign desert. Gambia a wriggle of jungle riverbank, and the Maldives a spatter of coral atolls mostly inhabited by starfish. Few lands, however, have been so ill-prepared to rule themselves as the Federation of South Arabia, which Britain announced last week will become independent by the end of November.

South Arabia consists of the port of Aden and 17 feudal satrapies whose Bedouin tribesmen eat goat meat and carry everywhere their curved *djambras* (daggers). Its life has been disrupted and its British-sponsored federal government destroyed by four years of terrorism

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1



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Now, bite into the salami. (Isn't that delicious?)



2



O.K. Now uncaps Speak Easy aerosol mouthspray and spray. One spray, two sprays, three sprays, whatever you like.

3

Now for the beautiful part of the test: Kiss. (If you're bashful, you can explain that this is a perfectly scientific experiment, or part of some vast market research project...we're sure you can think of something.)

By now you should realize that this is one test no one can fail. Because if she (or he) says, "Phew, you smell from salami!" it wasn't you that failed, it was the mouthspray.

And, as far as we know, Speak Easy has never failed in a clinch.



A little minty winner.

## THE DISTANT MESSAGE OF THE TRANSISTOR

**I**N terms of human lives, one of the most revolutionary inventions in this age of communication is the transistor radio. Those plangent little boxes, as large in sound as they are small in size, massaging the minds of ambling adolescents or committing public nuisances on train and bus and crowded beach, are hard to take seriously as a development in the tradition of the printing press. But in much the same way that printing opened up vast new possibilities to 15th century Europe, the transistor is letting in the world to hundreds of millions still isolated from the 20th century by geography, poverty and exploitation.

On the grassy Tanzanian plain a stately Masai herdsman strides behind his scrawny cattle, a lion-killing spear in one hand and a country-music-blaring Japanese transistor in the other. Transistors sway from the long necks of plodding camels deep in the Saudi desert, and from the horns of oxen plowing the furrows of Costa Rica. Radios are replacing the storytelling dervishes in the coffeehouses of Turkey and Iran, and they are standard equipment in the tea stalls of Pakistan. Thailand's *klongs* echo to transistor music from peddlers' sampans: a visitor to an Ecuadorian *mita*, in which the Indians come together for communal road building, calculated that at least one tiny transistor radio was sounding its unavoidable message every 20 yards along the two-mile road.

Radio has long been the window on the world for isolated areas, but the cheapness and portability of the transistor set has given the medium a new mobility and a new dimension—and a vast measure of influence. For Peru's 12 million inhabitants, there are more than 600 radio stations, and radio reaches the ears of virtually every man, woman and child in the country.<sup>4</sup> In Guatemala, six times as many people listen to radio as read newspapers. Black Africa, which had fewer than 400,000 radios in 1955, has at least 6,000,000 today. In rice field or rain forest, compound or kraal, the mere possession of a transistor radio confers status on its owner—who has perhaps gone hungry to make his down payment, and worked a little harder to keep up the installments. Thus, even before a sound emerges from it, the radio has exerted a social force. And once it is turned on, it is left from morning to night, pouring out fuel for hopes and dreams. The possibilities that exist in this force are enormous. "If it were a question of getting the first road or the first radio into a village," says a Malaysian official, "I would choose radio any time."

### Learning Through the Ears

The most important factor in radio's power is that it hurdles the literacy barrier. "I cannot read and I cannot write," says a Peruvian mining peon, in some wonder, "but I am learning through my ears." Highly conscious of what can be taught through hearing, a group of Peruvian businessmen, political leaders and educators founded and funded ERPA (Escuelas Radiofónicas Populares Americanas) with the aim of making listeners "better farmers, better cattlemen and better Peruvians." Operated as a nonprofit venture, ERPA is sending educational broadcasts to people who live as far as 15,000 ft. up in the Andes, offering organized study of such subjects as farming, health and home management, economics, religion, citizenship, sports and cooking.

Radio has become a major weapon in India's desperate campaigns to reduce the birth rate and increase the food supply. Still woefully short of transistors, the Indians have been experimenting with "Radio Rural Forums" in which clubs of 15 to 20 peasants listen twice a week to a program

of advice and carry the word to others. Family-planning units have been set up at radio stations that can reach half the population. One effect is that, hearing birth control discussed on the radio, the people even in remote towns are losing their inhibitions and are willing to discuss the subject freely. Educational efforts are cropping up in many parts of the world, sometimes with odd turns. In Malawi, the most popular song on the radio is a swinging exhortation to cleanliness and health written by Jack Allison, 23, a Peace Corps medical assistant from Fort Myers, Fla. Title: *Brush Away the Flies from Your Children's Eyes*. Educational radio is only in the beginning phase in the developing countries. In most of them, commercial broadcasting has taken a strong lead and is in command. In Thailand the selling became so incessant that last year commercials were banned entirely. Even as the war rages on in South Viet Nam, that country's commercial radio is reaching into the most remote huts through the transistor. *Montagnard* kids walk through the hills whistling the tunes of singing commercials.

### Take Heed

It is the ubiquitous commercial, with its suggestion of the richer, more varied urban life, that is widely blamed for one of the negative effects of the radio revolution: the escalation of expectations far beyond the capacity for their fulfillment. One ugly manifestation of this in developing lands is the increasing surge of rural people to the cities, encrusting urban areas with teed shantytowns and filling the streets with ragged peasants looking for nonexistent jobs. Another less critical but still unhappy result is cultural loss. A Mexican family's evening once focused on singing to the guitar, but this is rapidly giving way to the disk jockey.

A far greater capacity for ill effects from the transistor age lies in the demagogic use of radio by political leaders. A significant case in point is Gamal Abdel Nasser. He is virtually a creature of radio, having used it both within Egypt and internationally ever since he came to power. His Radio Cairo reaches out to all the Arab world and far beyond. With the spread of the transistor, this reach became longer and deeper. It took only one broadcast over Radio Cairo during the Middle East war to convince most of the Arab world that the U.S. and Britain were giving Israel air cover, and many still believe it.

Fortunately, and perhaps surprisingly, such gullibility has its limits. Radio Peking sends the strongest signal on the air in Brazil. It is sharply audible in the deepest Amazon jungle. Yet the Brazilian peasant seems to be pragmatic enough, and possibly cynical enough, that he is hard to convince by propaganda. He simply wants to learn things that are useful to him. Another fortunate fact is that the Peking programs are dull. If the Communists were capable of making their shows more appealing, the results might be devastating.

As more and more transistor sets pour into the hills and jungles and ghettos of the world, hundreds of millions of lives will be lured by them into the turbulence of this mid-century, with its hankering for anarchy, its hunger for more things and less labor. It is incalculably important that the developed nations of the world—and especially the U.S.—should take heed of the possibilities and perils that this prospect holds. The Voice of America, which in a way is tailoring its programming to the transistor listener—through short, bright bursts rather than long sequences—places its taped programs with local stations around the world. This is a start, but it is amply apparent that the Western democracies need to show increasing and intelligent concern. The distant message of the transistor is that the world is being opened into millions of ears, including those of the most isolated human beings, and what gets into their minds as a result will be of crucial importance.

<sup>4</sup> In the U.S., 98.1% of all people over 18 listen to the radio, according to a survey made for CBS, and 71.1% of these really listen, rather than use it as background while they do something else.

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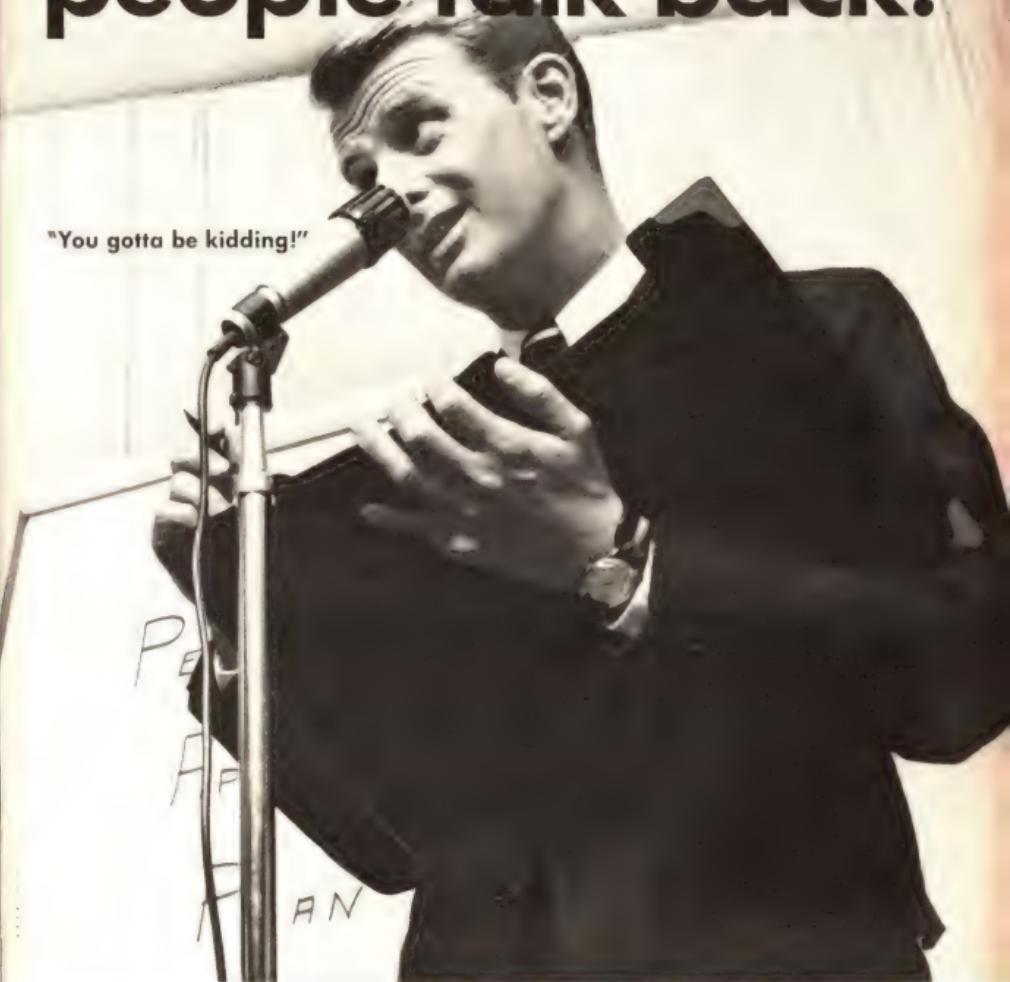
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"You gotta be kidding!"



question or comment, he simply raises his hand; someone flips a switch on the audio unit, telling the speaker there's a question.

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Where people talk back.  
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**SYLVANIA**  
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## PEOPLE

Maybe it was all those deep dives into the ocean, but Swiss Scientist **Jacques Piccard**, 45, son of the inventor of the bathyscaphe, saw in the immediate future nothing but an abyss of human self-destruction. He was, he said, "seriously doubtful" about whether mankind would last out the century. Atomic weapons are perilous enough, Piccard told a symposium at Hoboken's Stevens Institute, but man's whole technology "is little else than a widespread suicidal pollution affecting the air we breathe, the water we drink and the land we till. Every infant born in America today has detectable quantities of DDT in his body." Possibly to get away from it all, Piccard announced plans to submerge himself in a four-to-six-week underwater "free drift" from Florida to Nova Scotia next summer.

Hollywood really knows how to make a guy welcome. Barbra Streisand, Jack Lemmon, Steve Allen, Lucille Ball, Pierre Salinger, Gene Kelly, Kirk Douglas, Charlton Heston, Merle Oberon, Fred Astaire, Ava Gardner, Omar Sharif, Milton Berle, Danny Thomas, Marlo Thomas, David Niven, Alan Jay Lerner, Donna Reed, Gregory Peck, Natalie Wood, Andy Williams, Tom Smothers, Don Adams and Shirley MacLaine—all of them, plus about 400 others, paid \$250 per couple to do honor to Paris Couturier **André Courrèges**, 44, at a showing of his new collection in Los Angeles. Courrèges could only assume that their presence was tribute enough. Out of the whole elegant gang,



VERONIQUE PECK  
Warm welcome.

only **Véronique Peck**, 35, wife of Gregory, and **Nicole Salinger**, 28, Pierre's bride, actually wore outfit that Courrèges had designed.

Along with 54 other hopefuls at the annual Miss World contest in London, Peru's **Isabelle (35-23-35) Madeleine Hartog-Bel** managed to stay upright through four preliminary rounds. But she swooned gracefully away when she was named the winner. Smelling salts brought her to for the presentation of \$7,000 check and a ceremonial visit to the Lord Mayor at Guildhall. Next will come a trip home for Christmas to the family cattle ranch in Piura, said Madeleine, who sold her car to get air

LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH



MISS WORLD  
Passed out cold.

fare to Paris to begin a career as a model. Now, she added, "I won't have to worry about air fares any more."

How gratifying for Rochester's Bishop **Fulton J. Sheen**, 72, to learn that somebody out there was paying attention to his appeal last month for funds to aid "the poor of the world." Just three weeks later, a winning ticket in New York State's monthly lottery was pulled from the barrel mainly marked "Bishop Sheen World Poor, Rochester, N.Y." One of 1,445 winners, the ticket will be worth between \$150 and \$100,000, depending on future drawings.

The white-maned cheerleader exhorting the Stanford rooting section looked less like a student than, say, the dean of the Graduate School of Business. And the dean it was—**Ernest C. Arbuskle**, 55, voted Stanford's "red-hot prof" in a campus-wide poll and thereby con-



ERNIE ARBUCKLE  
Red-hot prof.

demned to wield the megaphone in the football game with Oregon. Arbuskle, who will take over as board chairman of the Wells Fargo Bank next year, forgot his ticket to the game and had to talk his way past a Pinkerton to get into the stadium.

Mary Poppins was never a junkie, no matter what the bumper stickers said, but it does seem that she will soon become a divorcee. Confirming longstanding rumors, **Julie Andrews**, 32, filed suit in Santa Monica, Calif., for divorce from English Stage Designer **Tony Walton**, 33, her husband since 1959. In a formal statement more notable for brevity than syntax, Julie explained that "the varying demands of our careers have kept Tony and I apart, placing obvious strains upon our marriage." Another obvious strain, Director (*The Pink Panther*) **Blake Edwards**, 45, has recently acquired his own divorce, and will presumably be at hand when Julie's decree becomes final in a year.

After he agreed to knock back a few vodkas with the London Daily Express man in Moscow, British Traitor **Harold Philby**, 55, proved aggressively unrepentant. "I would do it again tomorrow," said the former chief of British counterintelligence, who went over the wall in 1963. His purpose, he said, "was the fight for Communism" and the eradication of the many evils of capitalism, prominent among them "the expense-account lunch, British railways, the Beaverbrook press, the English Channel and the rising cost of living." By contrast, Philby added, "I am having a love affair with Moscow," marred only by one touch of staleness: "I am rather tired of caviar."



## PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN SCOTCH FOR CENTURIES. BUT FOR THE WRONG REASONS.

The English gave Scotch whisky as early as 1651 when it was reported that a lady, Marie Montgomerie, gave "three little barrels of Scotch whisky" to an influential English statesman, Mr. Secretary Dorchester.

The Scots gave Scotch because it was the only whisky they had to give.

The English gave Scotch for reasons of state.

Today, many Americans give Scotch because it's the thing to do.

Yet some of your Scotch-drinking friends can't drink Scotch without a secret little shudder. (Whether they admit it or not, they don't really like the taste.)

This year why not treat them to a Scotch

that's different. A Scotch that actually tastes good. 100 Pipers Scotch by Seagram.

See for yourself.

Now you can stop giving Scotch because it's a habit. And start giving it because it's a pleasure.



100 PIPERS SCOTCH WHISKY IS BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. 100 PIPERS BLEND IS BOTTLED IN NEW YORK CITY. 100 PIPERS BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

## A tree is born. It grows. It dies. But a forest can go on forever.

In a commercial forest, each tree should be harvested while still healthy, and converted into useful products for man before it deteriorates and decays. This process, is in fact, the essence of modern forest management. Some trees are cut at maturity; some earlier, to give their neighbors more food, water or light. And to keep a forest growing perpetually, sturdy seedlings continually start their new growth cycle.

Replacing the trees we cut with

healthy new stock is important to St. Regis, because wood is our basic resource. From it we make printing papers, kraft paper and board, fine papers, packaging products, building materials—even paper plates and school supplies.

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**ST REGIS**

**Within its first 8 or 9 years,**  
when it is about 10 feet high  
and a Douglas fir may be  
harvested for a Christmas tree.  
Thousands of these are cut each  
year to "thin" a forest.



**At 30 to 40 years,** most trees  
are harvested. But some  
that may be harvested later  
die. Notice that fine Douglas fir  
needles are purple, while those  
deprived of light turn yellow.  
Then, they die, too.



**When 50 or 60 years old,**  
a tree may be harvested  
if it is about 100 feet or more  
tall. Notice that fine purple needles  
are gradually replaced by yellow.

**100-year-old trees** may have  
so little "sap" stored in them  
that they die. If of good quality  
they are cut for paper, for  
pulp, or for lumber.





**Trees continue to grow after their first centennial mutation.**  
Illustrate: In virgin forests, some Douglas-firs survive for more than a thousand years at heights of over 300 feet.



**A declining tree, whether**  
**domescent or senescent, is**  
**easy to detect. Its branches are**  
**drooping, its bark is scaling,**  
**and its foliage is sparse**  
**throughout the trunk.**



**Upper branches fall away.**  
Illustrate: A declining tree is sometimes missing its upper branches, leaving a bare, spindly trunk.



Illustrations by E. B. L. (E. B. L. Lomax) from *How to Know the Trees*, 2nd edition, by N. L. Britton and A. Nelsom, Holt, 1939.



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*Mediterranean color console*

# THE PRESS

## PUBLISHERS

### The Oak Attracts the Lightning

West Berlin is the focal point of more than one cold war. Outside the towering glass-and-metal headquarters of Publisher Axel Springer, burly guards are posted at every door. Loudspeakers have been installed that emit such a high-pitched whine that it will pain the cardinals of would-be invaders. From the East, over the Wall that runs alongside the building? Not at all. From the West, Militant West Berlin students have threatened to break into the plant and smash the printing presses—not to mention the faces of any Springer personnel who get in their way. To which Springer's four Berlin newspapers have replied with a steady stream of attacks on the students for "terrorism" and "treason."

This confrontation in Berlin reflects a growing polarization of German politics (see *THE WORLD*) which has put Axel Springer, 55, to the right of center. When the coalition government was formed last winter, the far left was out in the cold with nowhere to go. As its frustrations deepened, so did its militancy. One of the principal targets of its wrath, exaggerated far beyond its threat, is Springer.

**Trial for Fascism.** At the annual Frankfurt fall book fair, 200 chanting students gleefully tore up Springer books and magazines. Oblivious to similar acts in the Nazi era, left-wing Erlangen University students staged a burning of Springer publications. A group of liberal writers declared they

will never again write for a Springer paper and urged their publishers to withhold advertising from Springer publications. When Springer went to give a speech at the Hamburg Overseas Club recently, he had to slip in a side door while five squads of riot police protected him from angry pickets, whose banners declared: "Never before in any land at any time has so much power and so little wisdom been in one pair of hands." In the next few weeks, a band of vociferous Berlin students plans to stage a mock trial of Springer on charges of "Fascism."

Springer, to be sure, makes an inviting target. With eight newspapers and six magazines, he is West Germany's biggest publisher. He controls 31% of the circulation of all of Germany's daily newspapers, a percentage few other Western publishers come close to matching.\* His rather sensational *Bild Zeitung*, published in Hamburg with a Berlin edition, has a circulation of 4,446,000, largest of any paper on the Continent. His more thoughtful *Die Welt* (circ. 280,000) is one of Germany's most influential papers. Its Sunday edition, along with Springer's other paper, *Bild am Sonntag*, accounts for 90% of Germany's Sunday circulation. Springer also publishes *Hör Zu!* (*Listen!*) a TV guide that has the largest circulation (3,764,000) of any weekly magazine in Germany. Nor does Springer show any sign of slowing down. Next March he plans to bring out another magazine, *Jasmin*, which will aim for a circulation of 1,500,000 among young marrieds.

**Emotional Attachment.** In the process of building his empire since World War II, Springer has become less reluctant to express his personal political opinions in his publications. Today his papers reflect the conservative views of the respectable German burgher, who is distrustful of change, hostile to Communism and oriented toward home and family. The coalition government has tried to ease tensions with the East; the Springer papers have refused to budge from their cold-war stance. "Appeasement politics do not lead to the desired goals," declared *Die Welt*. "Only a policy which attacks on two fronts at once, that of ideology and that of power, can hope to be successful." Springer's papers warn against disarmament and cite the recent Israeli victory as a lesson for Germany: stay prepared. All Springer publications stand foursquare against the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, which they are convinced will put Europe at the mercy of Russia.

To Springer, Berlin is the shining symbol of a strong Germany. "Pessimists view Berlin as something perverse," wrote a *Die Welt* columnist.

\* Cecil King's Mirror group controls 40% of Britain's daily circulation.



STYLUS STUDIO

AXEL SPRINGER  
Views of the burgher.

"This is a false observation. This city offers a model of political hygiene. That which surrounds it is perverse, that which begins with the Wall and continues beyond it." With this sort of emotional attachment to the outpost city, it is not surprising that Springer is abundantly contemptuous of those who speak of making a deal with Ulbricht.

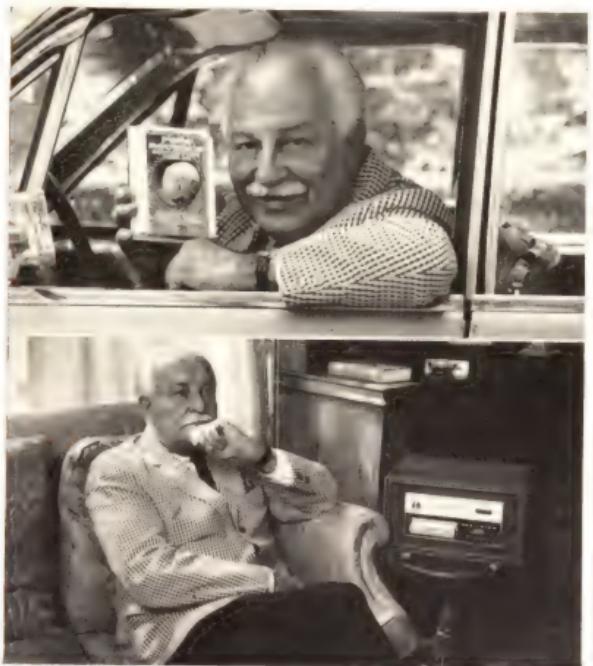
**More than Support.** As a result, those who want to deal with Ulbricht consider Springer a right-wing menace. Yet Springer scarcely shows any signs of the would-be totalitarian. He condemns the far-right National Democratic Party, which many Germans consider uncomfortably close in its nationalism to the Nazi Party. He reacted with horror at the Jewish persecutions under Hitler. During World War II, when Hitlerites kept him out of military service, he published Jewish authors under pseudonyms on his father's printing presses in Hamburg. Ever since, he has used his publications to champion Jews as well as the state of Israel. "Since the German Jewish community no longer exists for any practical purposes," he says, "I believe it is our duty to make all possible efforts to support Israel." He is presently building a library for the Israeli Museum in Jerusalem.

Nor is the private Springer anything like the press *Führer* conjured up by demonstrating leftists. He is reclusive and sometimes petty. Yet even his enemies concede that he is charming and witty. He is exceptionally kind to his employees, few of whom are ever fired. If they can't do the job or disagree editorially with Springer, they are shifted to less sensitive positions. Quite a ladies' man, he has married four times, twice to women divorced from the same man; it says something for him that he is still on friendly terms with the man.

Springer is striking back at his attackers personally as well as in his papers. Rhetorically, he asked a group of jour-



SPRINGER BUILDING NEXT TO BERLIN WALL  
Invaders from the inside.



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**8-Track Cartridge Tape:** the automatic system available for home listening that's also Detroit-approved for new cars.



nalists: "Does the sheer greatness of the enterprise that I have built draw their rage as the oak draws lightning? Do people expect me to go into the editorial offices and say, 'Gentlemen, please don't put out such good newspapers, or into the publishing offices and say, 'Please don't be so efficient'? Should I block the path to success and demand: 'No, success must not be'?"

The answer, undoubtedly, is no—and a government commission presently investigating the trend to monopoly in the German press will probably agree. The most it is likely to recommend is some kind of tax break for smaller newspapers. Springer's most strident rival, Rudolf Augstein, publisher of the newswEEKLY *Der Spiegel*, has called for a "lex Springer," a trustbusting law aimed at Springer. With the crushing of press freedom still fresh in their minds, Germans are unlikely to go along. "When people stop buying my papers," says Springer, "they will show their opposition to my policies. I recall with horror the misfortunes the so-called apolitical press brought on us during the Weimar Republic. It is my credo that a newspaper publisher has no right to remain politically indifferent."

## MAGAZINES

### Back to Dallas

Few deaths in the history of mankind have been so minutely scrutinized as that of John F. Kennedy. Every detail of that fateful November day has been exhumed, examined and crammed into some theory or other, ranging from the plausible to the inconceivable. This week both *LIFE* and the *Saturday Evening Post* offer more intriguing bits and pieces on the assassination, but regrettably nothing so conclusive as to put an end to all the speculation.

Publishing excerpts from a forthcoming book, *Six Seconds in Dallas*, the *Post* can hardly contain its excitement. Calling Author Josiah Thompson, 32, a philosophy teacher at Haverford College, a "warm and engaging idealist with a mind like a ripsaw," Editor Bill Emerson Jr. enthusiastically writes that the book "demolishes" the Warren Commission Report. An equally emotional editorial declares that the details amassed by Thompson "cry out for the truth to be told and for the murderers to be punished."

The details are not all that new; the conclusions are. Thompson states that "there were four shots from three guns in six seconds." What led him to this belief was a close examination of the film of the assassination. As he saw it, a split second after President Kennedy's head lurched forward under the impact of a bullet, it lurched back again. Thompson speculates that another bullet must have struck him from the front. Much of the debris from the wound, moreover, landed to the rear of the car, again an indication to Thompson of an oncoming bullet. After talk-



JOSIAH THOMPSON  
*Such a warm, engaging ripsaw.*

ing to various eyewitnesses. Thompson decided that one assassin had been posted behind the fence on the grassy knoll, a second on top of the Dallas County Records Building. The other two shots came from the sixth floor of the Texas Depository—but not from Oswald. Two other assassins had done the shooting; Oswald was the fall guy. The Warren Commission concluded that one assassin had fired three shots. This forced the commission to adopt the controversial “single bullet” theory: the assumption that the same bullet passed through Kennedy’s neck, passed through Connally’s chest and then struck his wrist and thigh.

**Demand for Exposure.** In LIFE, Governor John Connally gives his side of the story of the events leading up to Dallas. Contradicting William Manchester's contention that the President had reluctantly gone to Texas to patch up a local factional quarrel within the Democratic Party, Connally insists that Kennedy went to mend his own political fortunes. He wanted to show conservative Texas Democrats that he did not have horns. Connally, just emerging from a bruising election campaign, was no mood for a presidential visit.

When the President insisted on coming anyway, Connally argued for a relatively low-keyed tour aimed mainly at Texas businessmen. Kennedy's advance men demanded more exposure to the crowd. After a "heated argument," the Kennedy people prevailed over Connally, and a Dallas motorcade was scheduled. The route was released to the press three days ahead of time, though Connally had objected that this would give hecklers a chance to organize. When Kennedy arrived, Connally was pleasantly surprised by the size of the crowds and their friendliness. In his last conversation with the President during the Dallas motorcade, he assured Kennedy that he would probably carry Texas in 1964.

# For Colds or Flu...

## Doctors recommend:

1. Rest in bed
2. Drink plenty of fluids
3. Take aspirin to reduce fever and relieve pain

Bayer Aspirin is pure aspirin...not part aspirin  
**Bayer works wonders**



# Are you a "financial independent"?

by Hans Gehrke,  
President, United States Savings and Loan League



Independence is a cherished American tradition. Most of us like to regard ourselves as independent in one way or another—Independent thinkers, perhaps, or independent voters. Financial independence is also important in your day-to-day life. Not great wealth, but enough to instill the confidence born of knowing you can care for yourself in any financial emergency.

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We read constantly about the debts Americans assume. There is another story to be told. During 1967, the number of savings accounts in savings and loan associations rose by more than a million and the total number is now over 43,000,000. Imagine 43,000,000 savers working toward financial independence—building financial self-reliance. Since each savings account averages about \$2,900, total savings in savings and loan associations amount to over \$124 billion. This year, more than \$5.4 billion in dividends will be distributed to our savers.

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## THE THEATER

### ON BROADWAY

#### Dolly Rediviva

Pearl Bailey is back and Dolly has got her. Or vice versa. Either way the jaunty matchmaker from Yonkers and the sly, ironic, purring Pearl suit each other perfectly. Although *Hello, Dolly!* has been running in Manhattan for almost four years, she and an all-Negro cast had lines forming at the box office last week.

Decked out in dazzling exaggerations of turn-of-the-century elegance, topped off with such hats as dreams are made of, she struts and swaggers new pizzazz into the undistinguished material that



CALLOWAY & BAILEY

New match for an old matchmaker.

Carol Channing, Betty Grable, Martha Raye and Ginger Rogers have done so well by. The Bailey way with a wink or a wiggle or a throwaway line is pure pleasure, and the rich, round raunchy Bailey voice can wrap up and deliver anything singable.

Pearl has help of a high order—an exuberant cast of dancers that prances up a tropical storm with Gower Champion's expert choreography. Cab Calloway is first-rate as the well-heeled hay and feed man for whom Dolly Levi sets her ostrich plumes; the only pity is that he has so little to do.

Any temptation there may have been to turn the production into a blackface romp has been successfully resisted: the company plays as if no one had ever heard of a colored entertainer. In fact, David Merrick's Negro *Dolly* comes off so well that other producers may soon be using black power to pump new life into other hits that have gone the distance. Louis Armstrong as Teyve? Diahann Carroll as Mame?



Bring your own ribbon.

You'll have to pay a premium to give Seagram's Crown Royal.  
It's expensive Canadian whisky.

What's more, if you want ribbons and bows you'll have to tie them yourself.  
Because we give you none of the usual holiday trimmings.  
What you get at Christmastime you get all year long.  
An elegant bottle.

A purple sack in which to keep it.  
A handsomely embossed carton.  
A memorable imported whisky.  
The thing we do give you this time  
of year is an unusually good gift idea.



SEAGRAM'S CROWN ROYAL—THE LEGENDARY CANADIAN IN THE PURPLE SACK. ABOUT \$9.00 A FIFTH. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 40% PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

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Goodyear-engineered air hose for giant drill resists heat, pressure, abrasion—job after job—without maintenance.



FLEXSTEEL® hose supplies pneumatic power to one of world's largest percussion drills. In one day, at this Illinois waterway project, it drills two 30" holes 42 feet deep through reinforced concrete. A job that took a month on other parts of project using hand-held tools. Wire-reinforced FLEXSTEEL handles high pressure air at 180° F. Stays maintenance-free, job after job, despite rough handling over punishing terrain.

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**GOOD** **YEAR**  
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They can pick the time. The place.

And their own favorite vintage.

No, the French haven't insulted the quality of our California champagne. Worse than that.

They won't even acknowledge that we make it. (The sale of American champagne is prohibited in France). It's their position that champagne isn't champagne unless it comes from the Champagne province of France. They say they've been making it for centuries. How could ours be any good in such a short time?

The answer is simple. We've got their vines.

A young immigrant, named Paul Masson, imported choice French grape vines nearly 100 years ago. Now there are hillsides full of them up in Northern California known as the Paul Masson Vineyards.

So we say that French champagne is great, but thanks to the French, so is ours.

And if they take exception to that claim, then they should do something about it.

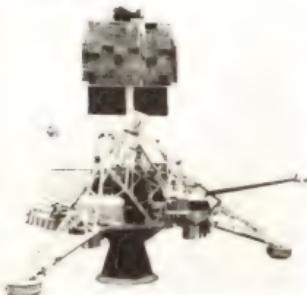
We agree to a neutral Swiss judge.

Paul Masson California Champagne



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1967

## SCIENCE



**SURVEYOR 6**  
Head for Mars.

### SPACE

#### The Little Spacecraft that Could

On the same day that giant Saturn 5 made its triumphant and tumultuous flight, little Surveyor 6, practically unheralded, settled to a gentle landing on the moon. But last week, after faultlessly running through the familiar Surveyor photography and chemical analysis chores, the ungainly-looking craft made everyone sit up and take notice. On a signal from earth it fired its three vernier engines, rose ten feet from the surface and then landed again, eight feet from its original site. It was the first rocket-powered takeoff from the face of the moon.

The 63-second flight was the latest in an almost monotonous string of accomplishments compiled by the U.S. Surveyor program, which now has successfully soft-landed four out of the six spacecraft sent moonward. This remarkable average—as improbable as a pitcher tossing four no-hit games in six starts—is perhaps the greatest technological feat in the first decade of the space age. Russian space scientists have parachuted an instrument package onto Venus, but have yet to develop the approach radar and rocketry system that can set an unmanned spacecraft down on the airless moon as gently as a helicopter touches down on a landing strip.

**Loosened Purse Strings.** From Surveyor's success has come man's first detailed knowledge of the consistency and chemical makeup of lunar soil, data and pictures that will influence the choice of the first astronaut landing site, and confirmation that the soft-landing system of the Apollo lunar module—similar to Surveyor's—is well conceived and workable.

Before it became a space-age swan, however, Surveyor had a long history as an ugly duckling. The seven-spacecraft program, originally expected to cost about \$50 million and scheduled to begin shooting for the moon in Au-

gust 1963, will eventually cost \$350 million, and did not get off the ground until May 1966. Outraged by delays and rising costs, a congressional subcommittee in 1965 called Surveyor "one of the least orderly and most poorly executed of NASA projects."

Stung by congressional criticism and aware that everyone had sadly underestimated the complexity of a soft lander, NASA, Hughes Aircraft (which designed and built Surveyor) and Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory (which directed the project, provided technical advice, and eventually controlled the flights) moved to rescue the floundering program. Increasingly certain that Surveyor's findings were a necessary preliminary to an Apollo lunar landing, NASA loosened the purse strings, enabling JPL to increase its Surveyor personnel from fewer than 100 to 500, Hughes from 2,000 to 2,700.

**Success Incentive.** Under a newly-appointed triumvirate consisting of JPL's Surveyor Project Manager Robert Parks, Deputy Manager Howard Haggard and Hughes' Program Manager Robert Roderick, JPL-Hughes' staffs were imbued with an "I think I can, I think I can" philosophy. To increase efficiency and desire at Hughes, NASA substituted an incentive contract for the old cost-plus-a-fixed-fee contract providing substantial financial gains only for successful missions.

The remedies worked. Knowing that glitches were bound to occur in the 83,000 different Surveyor components (34,000 in the Doppler and descent radar alone), scientists considered the first four craft as "engineering models," and would have been delighted if only one of them had made a successful soft landing. Thus no one was more surprised than the JPL and Hughes crews when the first Surveyor not only made a perfect landing and transmitted back thousands of pictures of the lunar surface but also proved so durable that it came back to life after each of two lunar nights, having survived temperatures as low as  $-250^{\circ}\text{F}$ .

The subsequent success of Surveyors 3, 5 and 6 enabled scientists to complete their planned surveys of possible astronaut landing sites and left Surveyor 7—scheduled to be launched early in 1968—to use in a completely scientific mission. Scientists are currently considering landing it in a highland basin, where it could photograph and analyze high-altitude features not yet investigated by U.S. or Russian landers.

Although NASA has ordered no additional Surveyors, Hughes scientists believe that the reliable little craft would be ideal for further lunar exploring—even for a trip to Mars. Properly modified, they say, Surveyor could land gently on Mars and return pictures and data for only 1 to 2% the cost of the planned Voyager spacecraft.

## CYTOTOLOGY

### A Close Look at Heredity

One of the pictures looks like a Scottish meadow sprinkled with sleeping sheep. In another, more enlarged, the curious objects that looked at first like sheep actually seemed to resemble four tufts of cotton joined at a central point. The photographs, which were published in a recent issue of *Nature*, are actually the most revealing and undistorted views man has ever had of the surface structure of heredity-bearing human chromosomes.

The chromosome closeups were made by German scientists at the University of Münster, using the recently developed scanning electron microscope. Unlike the conventional electron microscope, which forms an image by passing an electron beam through extremely thin slices of a specimen, the scanning device plays a fine electron beam back and forth across the surface of the object being examined. Electrons knocked out of the surface of the specimen by the scanning beam are collected and converted into signals that are projected on a television screen in the form of a picture.

By tilting their chromosome specimens, which were taken from a human white blood cell, the German scientists were able to get a side view and measure their thickness—about four-millionths of an inch at their thinnest, center portion and ten-millionths at the thickest part of their "limbs." In Britain, where scientists at St. George's Hospital Medical School are also using scanning electron microscopes to examine chromosomes, the resulting photographs have suggested that chromosomes have an underlying fibrous structure. From these and other scan-



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Slice of life.

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NEW ISSUE

November 10, 1967

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ning electron closeups, scientists hope eventually to gain new insight into the complex processes by which chromosomes and their constituent genes control heredity.

## ANTHROPOLOGY

### Ancient Ancestor

Swinging down from a tree in the lush forest that stood in what is now the Fayum desert region in Egypt, the little creature reached the riverbank and began to drink. Suddenly it was attacked and eaten by a crocodile-like reptile that rose without warning from the water. All that the predator left behind was the victim's head, which sank to the bottom and became embedded in the sand. In New Haven, Conn., last week, some 28 million years after this hypothetical drama, Yale Paleontologist Elwyn Simons displayed the ancient



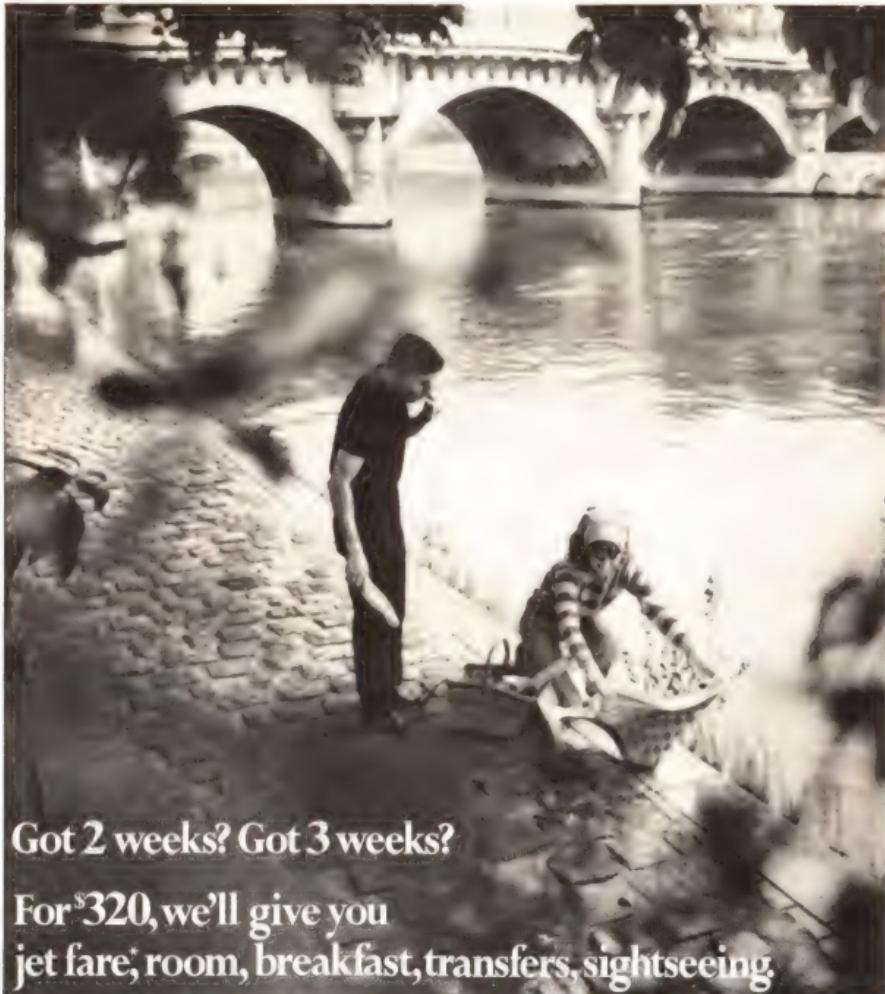
SIMONS & "AEgyptopithecus" SKULL

At the base of the tree.

skull and reported that it belonged to the most primitive ape ever discovered—the earliest known member of man's family tree.

The skull of the ape, named *Aegyptopithecus zeuxis* (for "linking Egyptian ape"), was found protruding from rock during a 1966 Yale expedition to the Fayum desert. But it was not until the specimen had been returned to Yale and extracted from its rock casement that Simons realized that it was an unusually complete skull of a primate, lacking only portions of its top and bottom and four incisor teeth. "Not only is the skull some eight to ten million years older than any other fossils related to man," Simons said, "but it is better preserved than any that are older than 300,000 years."

Scientists established the age of the ancient skull by using the potassium-argon method of dating an overlying lava flow, which is apparently 26 million years old. The location of the skull, 300 ft. below, indicated that it was about 2,000,000 years older. *Aegyptopithecus*, Simons believes, "stands near the very base of the genealogical tree leading to later Great Apes and man. It represents a major stage in the documentation of the forerunners of man."



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## ART

### MUSEUMS

#### New Impresario for the Showcase

In the year since it moved into its magnificent new \$6,000,000 building, Manhattan's 37-year-old Whitney Museum has forged into the lead as the city's—and the nation's—handsomest and most dynamic showcase for contemporary U.S. art. Under the directorship of scholarly Lloyd Goodrich, the nation's ranking authority on Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins, the Whitney has played host to artists as varied as Realist Andrew Wyeth and Environmentalist Louise Nevelson, while its annual displays of works by younger artists continue to spotlight the latest trends. Last week the Whitney announced that Goodrich, now 70 and with the museum since its founding in 1930, will retire as of Jan. 1.

The new impresario will be lanky, Connecticut-born and Yale-educated John Ireland Howe Baur, 58, the museum's associate director and the man who was in charge of getting the new Whitney Museum built. Baur plans to continue the museum's open-minded policies, expanding them in order to ensure broader representation of artists from outside New York City. "There's a bubbling over of creative energy in every direction today," he says, "and the injection of new talent and new movements gets more frenetic all the time. However, new movements tend to overshadow artists doing good work in older styles, and that's why it is important to maintain a catholic point of view. It isn't the movement that counts as much as the individual painter."



MODEL FOR PICASSO'S STATUE  
*Sexily Sphinx*.

### MONUMENTS

#### Sylvette at N.Y.U.

Chicago may have the first monumental Picasso statue in the Western Hemisphere, but New York City will get the second—and New York will have the additional satisfaction of knowing whom its statue is meant to represent. Manhattan's New York University announced last week that a 60-ton, 36-foot-high Picasso will be erected in its Washington Square Center apartment complex, designed by I. M. Pei & Partners. The model for it is a 1954 painted metal cutout bust currently on display at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art as part of its Picasso sculpture show (TIME, Oct. 20), for which Picasso used a pony-tailed girl named Sylvette David. The N.Y.U. version will be cast in black Norwegian basalt aggregate with a "skin" of buff-colored cement by Norway's Carl Nesjar. Nesjar will etch the skin of the sculpture by sandblasting, to reveal the basalt underneath in lines that will duplicate Picasso's brushstrokes. When completed, *Sylvette* will be half as high and twice as sexy as the Great Sphinx of Egypt.

### PAINTING

#### Minimal Cartwheels

When Frank Stella's first canvases, consisting of black pin-stripe squares inside squares, were shown at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art in 1960, local papers reacted in horror, "Unspeckably boring!" snapped Herald Tribune Critic Emily Genauer. A less determined man might have gone into life insurance—but Stella painted on. His latest canvases, on view at the Castelli Gallery, are newly brilliant with a rainbow of Day-Glo colors, but they are as elemental in concept as ever (see *color opposite*). What has changed is that instead of being banned for boredom, Stella, at the age of 31, is being heralded as one of the most influential artists in New York City, and has had

his outsized canvases shown in scores of important museums and international exhibitions.

As the creator seven years ago of the first shaped geometric canvases, Stella is looked up to by dozens of other young artists as a precursor of the whole minimalist school of painting and sculpture. His new works demonstrate how far removed trend-setting art has become from any concern with society, reality, human interest or popular taste: the multicolored cartwheels, half-moons and pie cuts look as though they had been stamped out on a machine. They were, in fact, designed with the aid of a protractor and compass, although unlike many minimalist sculptors, Stella still believes in executing his works by hand. The paintings were named (*Sabre, Sjærlit*) for ancient cities in Asia Minor only because Stella has been looking at plans for circular cities in a book on Islamic architecture.

**Locking Form and Content.** "Whatever interest I have in people," says Stella, "I have in daily contact with them. I don't want them walking around in my paintings." The son of a Massachusetts doctor, Stella studied at Andover's Phillips Academy under Abstractorist Painter Patrick Morgan, was drawing geometric blocks of color while other students were still sketching nudes and horses. Upon graduation from Princeton in 1958 with an A.B. in history, he moved to Manhattan.

Stella's work attracted attention almost immediately because it took abstraction one measurable step farther along the path toward pure form. The generation of Pollock and Kline had eliminated the figure; their canvases derived impact and emotion from the visible signs of struggle left by the painter's drips, splashes and violent brush marks. The "color field" painters of the 1950s, led by the late Morris Louis, eliminated the mark of the painter's hand, but their veils of color floating within the rectangle of a canvas aimed at evoking a haunting, lyric sense of other-worldly beauty. A Stella painting, on the other hand, locks form and content together, forcing the viewer to accept it as an object unique unto itself. To viewers who find the result boring or merely decorative, the artist replies, "My eyes and my emotions tell me something different. They tell me it's very beautiful, complicated, moving, disturbing and challenging. There are forces at work to think about here."

### SCULPTURE

#### Epoxy Playmates

Hugh Hefner has one by his bedside, and Capitol Records could think of nothing more delightful to give to the Beatles for a present. Small wonder, considering what the girls are like. Slightly more astonishing is that the slender, sexy, epoxy-resin swingers molded by Illinois Sculptor Frank Gallo,



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GALLO'S "GIRLS"

Icons of seduction and satire.

34, also spice up museums from Caracas, Venezuela, to Baltimore, Milwaukee, and even Victoria, Australia.

What raises Gallo's girls above the level of genteel pornography is clearly visible at the moment in Manhattan's Graham Gallery. There sit, stand or recline ten of them, all in various voluptuous poses and assorted stages of undress. One, clad in a tank suit with a number "3" on its belly, perches on a revolving turnstile. Another, in what may or may not be a bikini top, cuddles on a brown floor rug. Still another, falling out of her low-necked dress, lounges against a lavishly embroidered sofa. The skin of each has the alabaster transparency of beeswax or some expensive face cream made with royal jelly. But their hair, their eyes, their mouths, their stiletto-heeled shoes and the upholstery against which they nestle are all an ugly, and yet powerfully nostalgic, Victorian shade of brown. The mordancy of this color and the wishfulness of the girls' expressions save them from what would otherwise be a cloying coyness. Each girl becomes both an icon of seduction and, at the same time, a sly satire of all she suggests.

Gallo, a native of Toledo, Ohio, who now heads the graduate sculpture school at the University of Illinois in Urbana, achieves his effects by first sculpting his figures in clay. Then he casts them in translucent plastic. He then burns and etches in darker epoxy in the areas he wishes to color brown, leaves the rest skin colored.

Gallo sometimes sculpts men—on display at the Graham Gallery there are two, fully dressed and bathed looking singularly exhausted, possibly from the presence of so much female flesh. He has even been known to sculpt a cat (Rex Harrison has that). But he really considers himself "a female worshiper," and looks forward to playing Pygmalion to the first automated Galatea.

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# MEDICINE

## NEUROSURGERY

### Rejoining the Spinal Cord

Toronto's controversial Dr. Gordon Murray performed the first blue-baby operations and kidney transplants in Canada and says he built the first workable artificial kidney in North America. At one time, Dr. Murray claimed to have a serum that alleviated the suffering of breast-cancer victims, although its effectiveness was never proved. Last week, at 73, Dr. Murray reported that he had accomplished a feat that has eluded specialists in neurosurgery. He has, he said, successfully rejoined severed spinal cords in four of seven paralyzed patients.

Characteristically, Dr. Murray reported his work at a fund-raising dinner. Unexpectedly, he had a patient wheeled into the ballroom. The patient: Bertrand Proulx, 24, a Quebec truck driver whose spinal cord was injured in an accident four years ago, had not been able to move his hands or elbows and breathed with his diaphragm because he could not expand his chest.

To show what Dr. Murray had accomplished, Proulx pulled on slings attached to a bar over the bed and lifted himself to a sitting position. He needed nurses' help to get off the bed, but then he stood in a walker, waved one arm high, heaved himself into a comfortable position on the bed, and took a drink from a glass. Proulx "hadn't moved a joint for three years," said Dr. Murray. "But this fellow is going to walk."

**Never Before.** The spinal cord is a cylinder of whitish-grey mush surrounded by a tough casing, running through the hollow centers of the vertebrae and intervertebral discs. Inside the cord are nerve cells and main nerve tracts like a

telephone installer's spaghetti wire. Although smaller nerves in the extremities may regenerate after injury and partial restoration of function is possible if the cord is not completely severed, there is virtually no precedent of rejoining and restoring function to a completely severed spinal cord in man. Dr. Murray offered a simple explanation of previous failure and his apparent success: when a cord is severed it retracts, thus becoming shorter than the corresponding length of adjacent vertebrae. To compensate for this difference in length, Murray removed three-quarters of an inch of Proulx's spinal cord at the damaged area, carefully cutting it so that the severed nerve fibers would fit precisely together when reconnected. Murray then cut a matching length of bone from Proulx's vertebrae, completed the operation by rejoining both spinal cord and bone.

Neurosurgeons generally were skeptical of Dr. Murray's report. They recalled a similar case of a woman operated on at Philadelphia's Pennsylvania Hospital in 1901 who recovered for several years, but then suffered a relapse. They insisted that in animal experiments severed ends of cord had been snuggly sewn together but that regeneration had been brief at best, due to formation of scar tissue. If Dr. Murray's spinal-cord repair stands the test of time, it will be an impressive achievement indeed.

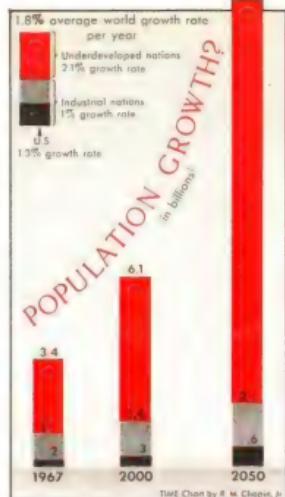
## BIRTH CONTROL

### For Zero Growth

This is the week when the 200 millionth U.S. citizen will be born; demographers fix the time and day at 11 a.m., Nov. 20. For the past several weeks, population planners have been leading up to the statistical moment with major birth-control news. In London, the International Planned Parenthood Federation announced last week that its 1968 budget would be \$6,500,000, double that of 1967 and six times the amount it spent in 1965. Almost simultaneously, the Manhattan-based Population Council reported that family-planning efforts in Taiwan and South Korea had met with marked success, mainly through increased use of intrauterine devices like the Lippes loop.

Are such advances sufficient to win the overall battle? No, says Professor Kingsley Davis, director of international-population and urban research at the University of California Davis, in the Nov. 10th issue of *Science*, writes that the family-planning programs as presently conceived and executed cannot prevent the world from rapidly populating itself to doomsday.

**Government Regulation.** Statistical projections tend to hear Davis out. Even in the U.S., representative of literate industrial nations where birth control has become a byword, the predicted average annual population-growth rate is



averaging 1.3%. Present projections put the U.S. population at 308 million by the year 2000, 374 million by 2015. World population now stands at 3.4 billion. At its present annual growth rate—about 1.8%—it will nearly double by A.D. 2000. By 2050 it will be 15 billion. Even if world population growth were brought into line with the present U.S. rate, it would still double by the year 2030.

The answer, suggests Davis, is a national population-growth rate of zero (births equal to deaths); "for any growth rate, if continued, will eventually use up the earth." Such a drastic reduction in births might require absolute government regulation of the size of families—a concept that most nations have found impossible to accept. In a more Orwellian guise, writes Davis, such control might include pressure through limits on availability of housing, manipulation of inflation to force mothers to work, increased city congestion by the deliberate neglect of transit systems, and increased personal insecurity through rigged unemployment.

**Overrun World.** Davis does not think such appalling correctives need ever become necessary. Instead, he feels, tourists should accept the fact that persuasion, not family planning, is the answer to population growth. He suggests economic persuaders to encourage the postponement of marriage and the limitation of births within marriage. How? Among other methods, by charging substantial fees for marriage licenses; levying a "child tax"; taxing single persons less than married ones; eliminating tax exemptions for children; legalizing abortion and sterilization.

As extreme as Davis's suggestions are, he sees them as the best alternative to a world overrun by people.



PROULX EXERCISING  
Unscheduled show.

## ORTHOPEDICS

### Better Brace

Metal leg braces are all too familiar to the victims of such disorders as muscular dystrophy or polio. The double-bar braces are heavy and clumsy, with a stirrup under the instep, and they induce muscle atrophy by permitting the foot to move only up and down. In normal walking, the body's weight tends to throw the heel of each foot alternately either outward or inward, depending on the terrain, but such movement is prevented by the conventional brace.

A lightweight, one-sided brace that allows far more freedom of movement and more natural walking has now been introduced at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco. The new device is bound to the leg by the familiar calf band of reinforced leather: an aluminum bar runs down the outside of the leg. At the ankle, it is hinged to a semicircular metal yoke that fits loosely around the heel of the shoe. This first hinge-type joint permits up-and-down motion. On the yoke behind the heel is a second joint bearing a metal pin that is screwed into the heel of the shoe. This permits sidewise motion.

The Biomechanics Laboratory at U.C., which was supported by the Easter Seal Society in developing the device, demonstrated the flexibility of the brace by trying it out on Patient Julie Bywater of Mill Valley, Calif. For most of her ten years, Julie has suffered from paralysis of the leg muscles, the cause of which is uncertain. A conventional two-sided brace enabled Julie to walk, but she could scarcely run. She often refused to wear it. It was heavy and "hurt too much." Now Julie proudly demonstrates her prowess on stairs, and runs so well she plays baseball.



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# RELIGION

## ROMAN CATHOLICS

### The World of the F.P.s

In the past 18 months, an estimated 400 priests have left the Roman Catholic Church in the U.S. For most of them, the transition to secular life is a traumatic experience. Unless a cleric enjoys private means, he is usually broke; unless he has close relatives, he has no place to stay.

Fortunately for these ex-priests, a number of volunteer agencies have sprung up to help them make the adjustment to civilian life. Best known of these is Bearings for Re-Establishment, with headquarters in New York City and branches in five other cities. Founded last year by William Restivo, 36, a

priests end up in jobs far below their intellectual capacities. Several former clerics now drive taxis for a living.

Thanks to the helpful work of such groups as Bearings, an increasing number of "F.P.s" (as former priests are now called) are finding reasonably rewarding new occupations. Many go into teaching—though if the Catholic seminaries that they attended are unaccredited, which is often the case, they must return to college to earn a teacher's certificate. Others enter social work. One ex-priest, only four weeks after quitting, got a job at Funk & Wagnalls Publishing Co. in Manhattan. "I was completely honest on my job application," he says. "I just put down that I was a laicized priest, and that sent them to their dictionary." Still others end up in less likely pursuits. A California cleric has become a chiropractor. One Biblical scholar now works for a company that makes rocket components.

Punch or Judy. Yet when an ex-priest lands a good job, he is apt to discover that the secular afterlife is no paradise. One former cleric in Los Angeles, now employed as a social worker, finds that his \$700-a-month salary, which he at first considered lavish, barely sustains him. About two-thirds get married—taking on the added burdens of providing for a family. And though Catholics no longer automatically conclude that a priest who has left the church did so because of "Punch or Judy" trouble—drink or women—many are still suspicious. Parents are especially prone to disappointment. One Chicago ex-priest received a letter from his father that read: "You are doing your best to destroy a very happy home. Your mother and I have not slept since you left."

For the most part, though, Catholics have become accustomed to the fact of ex-priests in their midst; many of the defectors remain on good terms with friends still in clerical ranks. Nonetheless, former priests generally prefer anonymity and seek to avoid publicizing their ecclesiastical background. Says one former priest from the Midwest, who now is a Boston textbook salesman: "On the whole I have met with very little hostility—but then I don't tell everyone I meet, 'Guess what? I used to be a priest.' "

## JEWS

### For Better Communication

Two of the nation's major Jewish organizations last week urged American Judaism to step up communications with both Christianity and the Negro ghettos. There was a real point to the exhortations, issued by Conservatism's United Synagogue of America and the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, principal voice of Reform Judaism. Of late, there has been a marked

deterioration in Jewish relations with white churches and black communities.

A major reason for the lukewarm quality of Jewish-Christian relations was last spring's Arab-Israeli war. Jewish leaders have charged that the majority of Christian churchmen either remained silent, or failed to protest strongly when Arab nations threatened to annihilate Israel. The Synagogue Council of America, chief coordinating body of U.S. Judaism, scored "the tolerance of some Western opinion toward these Arab threats of genocide." Nonetheless, at last week's meetings of the United Synagogue in Kalmesha Lake, N.Y., and the U.A.H.C. in Montreal, the consensus was that current tension should be an incentive to dialogue. "Let us not behave toward the church as if it had reinstated the Inquisition," counseled U.A.H.C. President Maurice Eisendrath. "Not every Christian whose conscience compels reservations regarding Israel's policies is an anti-Semite."

To some rabbis, the misunderstandings that have arisen over the Mideast war indicate that even the best-intentioned Christians lack an understanding of certain concepts basic to Judaism. The churches' failure to appreciate Israel's plight, they argue, reflects an inability to comprehend the Jewish sense of peoplehood and the primordial place that the vision of Israel as the homeland for God's people occupies in the Jewish mind. Instead of concentrating on how the two faiths can jointly combat moral evils in the world, dialogue might better be served by greater stress on the fundamentals of Jewish belief.

**Structured for Conflict.** Judaism's second area of concern stems from charges by Black Power militants that Jewish businessmen are exploiting Negroes in the slums. Most delegates felt that such statements speak for only a small minority of Negro opinion, and represent not so much anti-Semitism as a lashing out at Whiteness. At both meetings, there was overwhelming agreement that American Jewry should involve itself even more in the Negro's struggle. Howard Danzig, executive director of a suburban Detroit synagogue, told the Conservative convention: "Unfortunately, in Detroit as in other cities, the Jewish presence in the predominantly Negro areas is usually that of merchant or landlord. The situation is economically structured for conflict."

In one resolution, the United Synagogue warned that "We should not fall into the traps set by anti-Semites and condemn all Jewish landlords as 'slum lords.' They that are such we do condemn, because they act immorally, as do non-Jewish slum lords." But "where special problems involving Negro-Jewish relationships arise, we urge our congregations to pay added attention to their solution." One proposal discussed at both conventions: the setting of practical standards of business ethics for Jewish landlords and entrepreneurs doing business in the ghettos.



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former priest-missionary in Kenya, Bearings is financed by contributions from sympathetic Catholic laymen, each week helps an average of half a dozen former priests find lodgings and jobs.

**Unprepared.** Adjustment is not easy. The academic background of former priests is usually limited to their seminary courses, which are dominated by theology and philosophy—not exactly an ideal preparation for a business career. Some are so inexperienced in the ways of the world that they show up for job interviews wearing sports shirts. A few are alcoholics. Many suffer from psychological problems—ranging from what they dub a "Judas complex" (a fear that they have betrayed Christ) to sexual hang-ups over celibacy† to lack of confidence. As a result, some ex-

† Former Nun Ann Barrett, now a parochial school teacher.

† A major reason for defections. Last week in Washington, however, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops declared that any hope for a relaxation in the rule of celibacy for priests is "without foundation."



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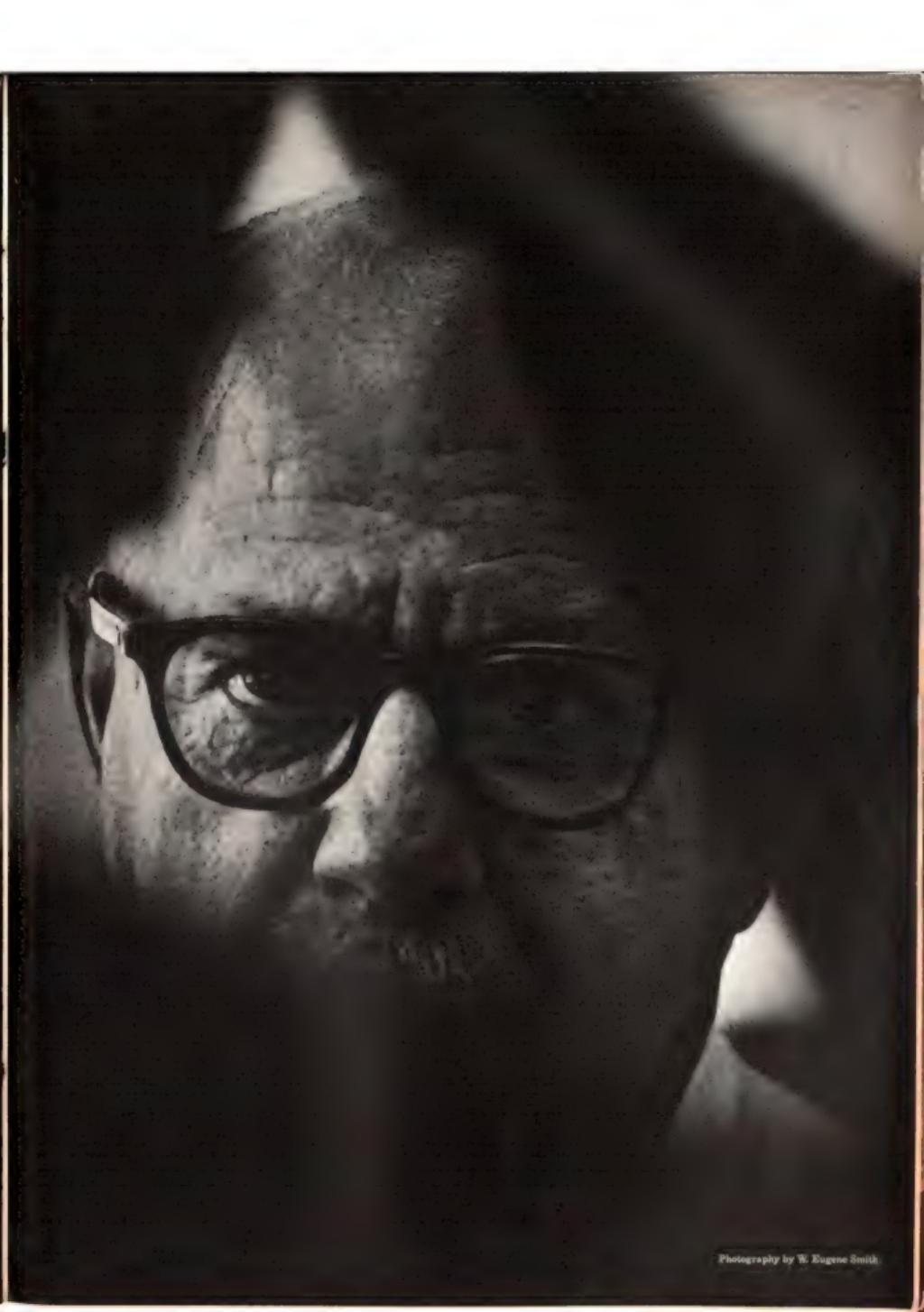
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*“We don't draw lines between fundamental and applied research. In our research laboratory at Sterling Forest, New York, we duplicate in pilot equipment the techniques used to melt and form metals. This lets us take alloy development to a stage where our results have real meaning for industry.”*



# Give & Take

the gift of Gold—  
the Scotch with the Golden Light Taste,  
impressively gift-wrapped in its  
heavily embossed gold foil carton.



the brand new Globetrotter Fifth—the most fitting traveling companion that ever packed away flat in a suitcase. It arrived just in time for the Holidays—but this slim beauty will be available for year-round give and take!

Packs flat  
as a shirt



2005 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES BY PHILIPS. SOLE DISTR. U.S.A. MUNSON & SHAW CO., N.Y., N.Y.



# TELEVISION

## COMMERCIALS

### Master of the Mini-Ha-Ha

The new TV season is two months old and one thing is clear: the situation comedies are getting better than ever. Not those dreary half-hour retreats, but those one-minute mini-ha-ha's called commercials.

Some of the best of them are the work of Manhattan Director Howard Zieff, 40, a short, hyperactive man with a zany sense of humor and an apparently limitless imagination. He is the leading practitioner of what the trade calls the indirect sell: the product is visible and so is the pitch, but the commercial zings across chiefly because it is entertaining and refuses to take itself seriously. To dramatize Braniff Airways' air-freight division, Zieff shows a man crated and shipped by air, arriving at his destination with not a hair out of place. For Whirlpool household appliances, he marshes a repairman into a rainswept courtyard where a Gestapo-type supervisor charges him with neglecting his customers and then strips the company emblems off his shirt.

Zieff and his staff spent several weeks producing a commercial that will appear next month for Volkswagen. After an assistant toured Europe for two weeks scouting shooting sites, Zieff flew to Paris, loaded cast, cameras, costumes, props and his 36-man crew into five trucks and a bus and went on location at the Marksburg Castle near Koblenz, Germany. The scene, which required three days of near round-the-clock filming, shows an angry mob of villagers storming the castle, battering down the doors, and chasing a mad scientist and seven assorted monsters who hurriedly gather their gear and escape in a Volkswagen station wagon. The only dialogue is an announcer's voice-over: "If you've created a rather large family and you have an awful lot to carry, chances are a normal station wagon won't be large enough. Maybe you ought to consider something not quite so normal—like a Volkswagen." Cost of the film: \$52,000, or roughly \$1,000 for each second of air time.

**People People.** Zieff, who has made 200 commercials in the past six years, is obsessed with detail; he shoots 9,000 ft. of film to get a usable 90 ft. He demands that his sets have a lived-in look—right down to scuff marks on the door. For a takeoff on old aviation movies for Utica Club beer, he screened the 1938 movie *Test Pilot* to see exactly how Clark Gable flipped back his goggles. For a series of quick shots focusing on a variety of stomachs for Alka-Seltzer, he spent ten days "interviewing abdomens," auditioned 40 belly dancers until he found one without stretch marks around her navel. In one three-second shot of a boxer battering the stomach of his opponent, he used Middleweights Johnny Cesario and Joey

Archer. The scene was so realistic that Cesario, caught in the cheers of the extras, the smoke and the popping flash bulbs, confided during a break: "I can take this guy."

Zieff has also composed some striking magazine ads: the chubby kid eating Kellogg's Corn Flakes on the back steps, the tattooed cowboy smoking Marlboro cigarettes, the Indian munching Levy's Rye Bread ("You don't have to be Jewish . . ."). Now that he is the top director in TV commercials and earns about \$300,000 a year, he is in the fortunate position of being able to turn down six job offers for every one he accepts. He deals only with those



ZIEFF PREPARING BRAIFF COMMERCIAL  
If only some of it would rub off.

few agencies—Wells Rich Greene, Doyle Dane Bernbach and Carl Ally—that will allow him a free hand; in most instances, he is given an outline or "story board" and then "takes the commercial out of the commercial" by improvising freely.

By casting "people who look like people" and treating each scene as "a first-run movie in miniature," Zieff has helped turn the TV commercial into something of an art form. Now if only some of this expertise would rub off on the rest of TV programming.

## THE AUDIENCE

### Viewing from the Top

The pollsters can't seem to get together on how much television the nation's leaders and tastemakers sit still for. The Louis Harris poll has round signs of "growing disenchantment with television on the part of affluent, better-educated adult Americans," but the Nielsen rating service claims that the upper echelons are watching more than

before. Perhaps they are both right. A survey by TIME correspondents shows that America's first families do watch TV, to be sure. But mainly they limit their viewing to news, public affairs and sports. Relatively few of them switch on just for amusement. Says Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield: "There's just nothing on to entertain anyone."

The Lyndon Johnsons, for example, usually catch NBC's *Today* show at 7 a.m. every weekend morning. In the evening, Lady Bird tries to speak in *Gunsmoke* if she can. The President likes to watch the supertim news reports simultaneously on his three-set console, and on Sundays samples *Meet the Press* (NBC), *Face the Nation* (CBS) and *Issues and Answers* (ABC). What he sees

there very often is his own Vice President: Hubert Humphrey has been the guest on the three programs 36 times. When Humphrey does get on the other side of the screen, it is to watch news and public affairs. *Red Skelton*, *Andy Griffith*, *Jackie Gleason*, *Bonanza* and occasionally a late movie.

**"Simply Trash."** Interior Secretary Stewart Udall says flatly that he has time for nothing less portentious than a presidential message, but an aide has caught him tuning in on the *World Series*. H.W. Secretary John Gardner is a Huntley-Brinkley man and also grabs the 11 p.m. news. Sometimes he watches the *Today* show on his way to work; his limousine sports a TV set.

Barry Goldwater says he "doesn't see much TV" but favors Walter Cronkite or the local news from Phoenix. Occasionally he looks at documentaries or sports events; his wife Peggy loves *Louie, George Romney*, *Nelson Rockefeller* and *Ronald Reagan* stick to news and public affairs. Nebraska's Governor Norbert Tiemann and Colorado's Gov-

a most pleasant experience

# English Leather®

after shave...  
after shower...  
after hours...

...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, packaged in redwood. \$2.00, \$3.50, \$6.50, \$10.00.

Be sure your "fragrance wardrobe" includes ENGLISH LEATHER®. It's the one you'll reach for again and again.



A complete line of men's toiletries including...

...the DEODORANT STICK, \$1.00  
...the AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$1.50 & \$2.50  
GIFT SETS in authentic redwood boxes, \$3.00 to \$10.00

© MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N.J.



Mr. Muirhead brings it over in barrels to save you up to \$2 a fifth.

\*you save on taxes

and shipping costs

**MUIRHEAD'S**  
LIGHT-LIGHT SCOTCH

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 80 & 86 PROOF,  
IMPORTED BY MCKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y.



make your own CARTRIDGES  
for your 8 track car stereo

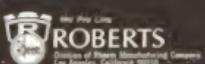
with a ROBERTS  
stereo TAPE RECORDER

Record and Play your favorite music from  
LP records and FM-Multiplex with the exclusive  
ROBERTS Solid-State CROSS FIELD  
quality in 4 speeds... even the new LP 1 1/2 ips.



Model 778X

from \$430



ernor John Love try to catch football and the most promising documentaries. So does Vermont's Philip Hoff, though he concludes that "most TV is simply trash, and I don't have the time." Washington's Governor Daniel Evans prefers the *Bell Telephone Hour*, *I Spy* and the public affairs programs. Tennessee's Governor Buford Ellington goes for pro football, Perry Como and Lawrence Welk.

Massachusetts' former Senator Everett Sargent enjoys Welk and Jackie Gleason as well. New York's Mayor John Lindsay seems to find time for nothing but news between the *Today* and *Tonight* shows. Los Angeles' Mayor Sam Yorty rates news and sports his favorites, then *Daktari*, *Gunsmoke* and tapes of his own weekly interview show.

**Those Organs!** Harvard's Nathan Pusey, Yale's Kingman Brewster, and Caltech's Lee DuBridge watch next to nothing. Milton Eisenhower, nominated to the board of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting this month, sees news, sports and, at times, movies and specials. Physicist William Pickering, whose Jet Propulsion Laboratory has directed U.S. unmanned space probes from Explorer 1 to Surveyor 6, likes a preposterous piece of space fiction, *Star Trek*. J. Edgar Hoover is strictly business. No. 1 on his most wanted list is *The F.B.I.*

Norman Vincent Peale occasionally watches *Lucy*, *Bonanza* and *The F.B.I.*. Van Cliburn often unwinds between practice sessions or before performances with afternoon soap operas. So does Artur Rubinstein, who on request can unravel the complicated plots of a half dozen of the soaps. "Those organs!" says Rubinstein, holding his nose and unmistakably imitating their quavering tone. William Buckley says that he finds no time for TV, but Chicago Lawyer Newton Minow, the former Federal Communications Commission chairman who described TV as a "vast wasteland," still watches fairly regularly. Among his favorites: *Get Smart!*

## PROGRAMMING

### Shake-Out Time

This is the time of the year when the networks examine new-season schedules, take pulses, shake out the weaklings, and bring on shows that they hope will survive. Fatalities so far among the new programs: CBS's *Dundee and the Culhane*, NBC's *Moya* and *Accidental Family*, and ABC's *Hondo*, *Custer*, *Iron Horse* and F. Lee Bailey's *Good Company*. The biggest surprise is NBC's decision to dump the 33-year-old *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* after Jan. 15; the Nielsen rating had dropped from No. 3 in June 1966 to 68th last week. Among new shows coming up: a variety show starring Jonathan Winters, revivals of *The Saint* and *The Avengers*, and replacing *U.N.C.L.E.*. Comedies Dan Rowan and Dick Martin.



## After sunset... this becomes the most efficient light source on earth.

The only lamp that can play second fiddle to the sun. Its name: Lucalox®. Next to free sunlight, it leaves all other lighting in the shade. It produces twice as much light as the finest 400-watt mercury lamp, 2½ times more than the most powerful fluorescent. And with lower cost of light.

General Electric discovered it. Then so did some others. Like Rockefeller Center, New York. Lucalox added new brilliance to its streets. Not even a canyon of buildings on a moonless night will dim those sidewalks now. And a manufacturer in Oklahoma City. With Lucalox, he has 4 to 6 times more light on the job than previously.

All over the country, factories, highways, buildings, bridges and parking lots are switching to Lucalox. Are you ready?

To know the indoors and outdoors of this new GE creation, contact your GE Large Lamp Agent. Or write: General Electric Co., Large Lamp Dept., C-728, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio 44112.

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

# THE LAW

## LEGISLATION

### Charge!

To many a person wary of thieves, traveler's checks and credit cards are better than cash. Thieves agree. Precisely because the cards and checks are not legal tender, a smart crook knows that he is usually safer stealing or forging them than he is stealing or forging the real thing. In many states, lifting a credit card amounts to nothing more than lifting a penny's worth of plastic; serious crime may occur only when the issuing company is actually defrauded. The situation is much the same with traveler's checks. As a result, a man found in possession of a stolen or forged card or check may not be guilty of a serious crime unless police can prove that he personally has misused it.

The loss caused by such relatively hard-to-trace misuse amounts to an estimated \$50 million a year, and the average is growing rapidly. Last week police in Manhattan were busy wrapping up a gang that had defrauded Diners Club of at least \$350,000. The gang, which had Mafia links, had stolen hundreds of blank Diners Club cards, impressed legitimate cardholders' names on them, and sold them to various underworld figures complete with such forged subsidiary identification as driver's licenses. Gang members then traveled, ate, and charged lavishly, using the cards. Even when they are not liable, issuing companies almost always assume the financial burden of such fraud to maintain good relations with stores, hotels and restaurants who accept their cards. (But the credit-card companies may try to recover from a cardholder who has not informed them of a loss or theft.) The issuers are therefore understandably anxious to find heavier legal weapons to use against credit crooks, and they are now actively promoting new legislation.

Texas Senator John Tower is sponsoring a bill that will bring traveler's checks that cross state lines under the purview of the Federal Criminal Code; it has been passed by the Senate and is now awaiting House action. American Express last year commissioned the drafting of a model credit-card law for states, which suggests maximum penalties of one to three years for such offenses as card theft or possession of forging machinery or blanks. With the backing of every other major credit-card issuer, the statute is being pushed in all states. So far, North Carolina, Florida and California have all adopted it. New York has scheduled consideration of it for next January's legislative session.

In some cases, the identification also included forged Government-agent I.D. cards. One crook with more than his share of gall actually checked into one hotel using a card made out in the name of an agent who was chiseling him.

## JUDGES

### Change Down South

After the Supreme Court, no single U.S. court has been more important to Negro civil rights than the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas all fall under its jurisdiction. So it is that when an opening occurs on the court, segregationists and civil rights lawyers hold their respective breaths until the President nominates a new man. Because of the court's work load, it was expanded last year from nine to thirteen judges. This week the final vacancy will be filled when Claude Feemster Clayton, 58, takes the



CLAYTON

*Relief on both sides of the fence.*

office of chief justice. When news of his nomination came down, waiting lawyers on both sides of the integration fence breathed sighs of relief. Mississippi-born and -bred, Clayton is segregationist by heritage and inclination, but as a federal district judge, he slowly—and no doubt painfully—put aside the prejudices of a lifetime.

**Black & White.** Appointed to the federal judgeship for northern Mississippi by President Eisenhower in 1958, Lawyer Clayton, a Democrat who supported Ike, had never shown any signs of dissatisfaction with the Southern way of life. Quite the opposite. "I lived in the era when *Plessy v. Ferguson*, separate but equal, was the law of the land," he says now. "I had no quarrel with it." Indeed, he had so little quarrel with Mississippi ways that he rose to command one of the state's National Guard divisions (which was totally segregated), ranked as a major general when he was retired two years ago. Making two unsuccessful bids for the

U.S. Congress, in 1946 and 1948, he ran as a white supremacist. In his federal courtroom, he seemed at first to be living down to his background. In one case, Negro plaintiffs sought the right to look at county voting records; a higher court had already ordered that such requests be honored as a matter of course. The course, in Clayton's court, ran four years, and was potholed by rulings like the one requiring documents to be redrawn because the U.S. Attorney General had changed and the new man's name had to be used.

Despite such instances, Clayton built a reputation, even among his critics, for fair-mindedness. That, plus some reversals by higher courts, began to nudge him away from 19th century Southern justice. Clayton watchers agree that the balance was tipped by *E. v. Duke* in

1963, a voting-rights case in Panola County, Miss. Judge Clayton had ruled that Negroes barred from the voting rolls had not shown that they were actually qualified under Mississippi standards. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the decision—and inferentially told off Clayton in the process. The real issue, the court indicated, was not whether Negroes qualified under the standards, but whether the standards were applied equally to both whites and Negroes.

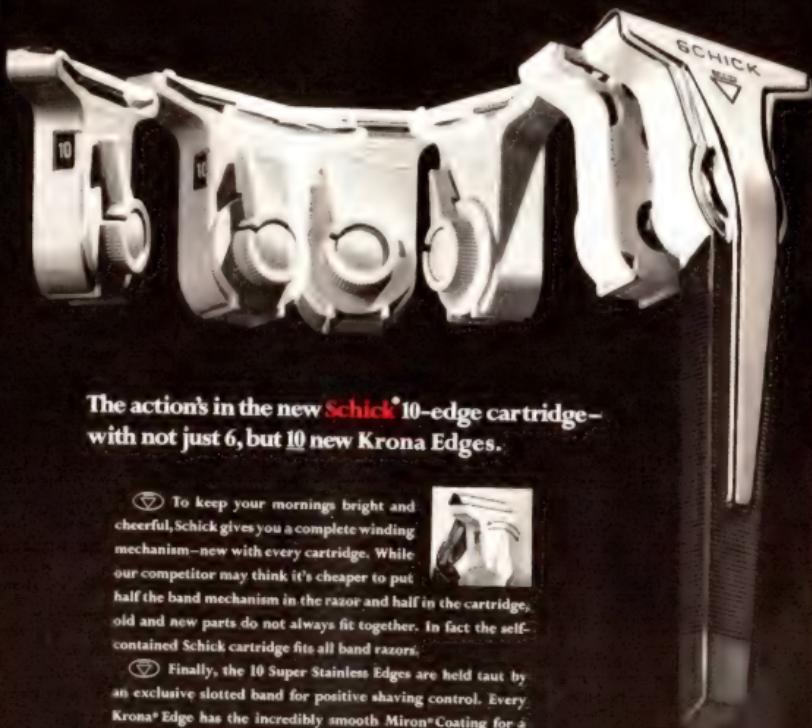
**Contemptuous.** After that, Clayton's decisions developed a more progressive tone. He put a stop to the harassment of Negroes seeking to register to vote in one town; he ordered a circuit clerk in another to stop applying stricter voting requirements for Negroes than for whites; he knocked down a third town's ordinance restricting Negro marches and demonstrations; he voided, as a member of a three-judge panel, application of the state's poll tax in state and local elections. "When you are able to show him a set of outrageous facts, then he loses his innate conservatism," says Lawyer Al Bronstein of the Lawyers' Constitutional Defense Committee.

Few facts were more outrageous than those surrounding last year's demonstrations in Grenada, Miss. There Clayton himself had previously ordered a speed-up in the local schools' desegregation, but when Negro children attempted to enter the schools, they were savagely beaten. Judge Clayton bluntly ordered the police to protect the children henceforth and sentenced Strong-arm Constable Grady Carroll to four months for contempt of court. Said one of the lawyers in the courtroom: "You should have seen Carroll's face. The man was just astounded—a Mississippi judge doing this to a Mississippi law officer."

"As a realist," Clayton explains, "I've recognized my responsibility to adapt to changing times." He is still fundamentally conservative. "We knew he would protect clearly defined Constitutional rights," says an N.A.C.P. Legal

End of the Blues:

Other Band Razors should have their heads examined - you'll find they're not all there!



The action's in the new **Schick® 10-edge cartridge**—with not just 6, but **10 new Krona Edges**.

To keep your mornings bright and cheerful, Schick gives you a complete winding mechanism—new with every cartridge. While our competitor may think it's cheaper to put half the band mechanism in the razor and half in the cartridge, old and new parts do not always fit together. In fact the self-contained Schick cartridge fits all band razors.



Finally, the 10 Super Stainless Edges are held taut by an exclusive slotted band for positive shaving control. Every Krona® Edge has the incredibly smooth Miron® Coating for a surface of unequalled comfort.

**Schick® AUTO-BAND® Razor**  
Put your reliance on famous **Schick Science.**

Schick Safety Razor Company, (Division of VERNONSHAW, Inc.)

## Henry McKenna's remarkable Kentucky Table Whiskey: The Bourbon with a Brogue:

Once there was a strong gentle Irishman from the Parish of Ballinascreen in County Derry. His name, which was to become quite famous, was Henry McKenna.

In the year 1837 Henry McKenna followed his own private rainbow to America, to seek his fortune.

And before long he settled and prospered among the soft rolling meadows and quick tumbling streams of Nelson County, in Kentucky.

Henry McKenna built a fine little mill by his own limestone stream and from every window of that mill he could look out on the deep velvet green of hills that are very like the hills of Ireland.

And he began making whiskey by hand.

There were many men then, and there are now, making honest bourbon whiskey among the sweet green hills of Kentucky.

But among all the fine local whiskies, the handmade red bourbon table whiskey from McKenna's little mill in Fairfield was considered exceptional from the first.

It commanded premium prices then, as it does today.

There is a rare gentle character to Henry McKenna's bourbon whiskey. It sits happily on your tongue. This is a charming whiskey, a lovely lilting whiskey, a bourbon with a brogue.

And like most charming things, it is a bit of a mystery. We do not know why Henry McKenna's bourbon tastes so good.

The formulas for making fine whiskey have existed for hundreds of years. Henry McKenna didn't invent them. Perhaps there is some special quality in the water. But we have had this water analysed and the scientists say no. Maybe the very



softness of the air in Fairfield, Kentucky works some unknown magic on the whiskey as it ages. This much is certain: bourbon made to exactly the same proportions twenty miles away from the old McKenna mill at Fairfield does not taste the same. It is good whiskey but it is not Henry McKenna.

We do know this. Henry McKenna truly loved fine whiskey and his still was as much of a hobby for him as a business. He would not mash grain unless it was the best grain. He would not pour a drop of his whiskey until it had achieved his standard of maturity, which was demanding indeed.

So maybe the difference in Henry McKenna's bourbon is simply that he loved it more. Love works wonders on people and plants and animals. It could account for the happy taste of Henry McKenna Bourbon.

We like to think so. And we try to give the bourbon we make today the same care and affection that has been the good heritage of Henry McKenna Bourbon for more than a hundred years.

You can buy McKenna's handmade bourbon today.

It is not available everywhere. But it is worth seeking out.

Our bourbon comes in fat half-gallon earthenware crocks (where state laws permit), or in basic bottles. From Fairfield, Kentucky. With love.



# Henry McKenna

"Only an Irishman could love whiskey enough to take this much care making it."

Defense Fund lawyer, "but we also knew he wouldn't make law," Clayton agrees, adding that "case law must come, if it comes at all, at the appeals level." He is now moving to that level.

## INHERITANCES

### Scheme of the Year

The document bears an impressive-sounding letterhead, and the language is unmistakably legal. What it says is that a named person has died, leaving an unclaimed estate. "The heirs of said deceased are unknown," the message explains, and an inquiry is being made of many people with the same last name on the chance that one might be the rightful heir. If you are interested in further information, would you please send a \$6 "copy fee" to cover the cost of obtaining "duplicates of documents filed," so that you might better ascertain whether you have a claim.

Fair enough, or so it seems. And because it does, it is the big, new, easy-money scheme of the year, according to the Post Office Department. In essence, it merely gives a modern twist to the age-old missing-heir dodge. The twist is important. In the past, a con man would approach a few selected victims with a well-prepared line of talk and ask for a few hundred dollars to cover his expenses. The large sum requested required a risky in-person performance. A promoter of the new scheme can use a photocopy machine and the mails to approach thousands of potential customers. All he has to do is follow the local probate court proceedings and then use phone books from all over the U.S. to find addresses of people with the same last name as that of someone who leaves an unclaimed estate. Each addressee that bites means another \$6. Moreover, it may be that no law is being broken. The estate spoken of always exists (although its unmentioned debts may be greater than its quoted value); the heirs are indeed unknown; the addressee is always warned that there is no reason to think that he necessarily has any claim; and, if he sends his money, he does get the promised document duplicates.

In fact, from the promoter's point of view, the scheme is well-nigh perfect. So obvious are its charms that when a New Orleans bartender received a probing letter, he neither responded nor complained. He immediately went into the business himself. So did a Boston law student. The original U.S. outfit was apparently Legal Research Inc. in Newport Beach, Calif.; now it has at least 17 competitors, operating everywhere from London to Philadelphia. As for the addressees, even those who fully understand what the letter says may be tempted: \$6 against an inheritance of thousands sounds like a good gamble. But, says Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien, there is "no evidence that the materials furnished by these promoters has located a single missing heir."

*This offering is made only by the Prospectus.*

November 10, 1967



\$12,500,000

### 5 1/2% Convertible Subordinated Debentures

Due November 1, 1987

Convertible into Common Stock at \$65 per share.

Price 100%

Plus accrued interest from November 16, 1967

100,000 Shares Common Stock

(\$1 Par Value)

Price \$56.75 per Share

*Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from the underwriter, including the name, address, and telephone number of the underwriter.*

**F. EBERSTADT & CO.**

November 10, 1967



\$18,000,000

### 6 7/8% Senior Notes Due December 1, 1983 with Warrants

*Institutional investors have agreed to purchase the above Notes on or prior to April 29, 1969. The underwriter negotiated the placement of these Notes.*

**F. EBERSTADT & CO.**



UPROOTING THE PAST (1957)



SAME STREET TODAY

## CONSERVATION

### Trees for St. James

Ten years ago, St. James, Mo., looked like a town that was out to win the grand prize for uglification. Long distinguished by its handsome trees, the town of 3,000 inhabitants, which nestles in the Ozark foothills, had called in bulldozers and chain-saw gangs to systematically destroy nearly every one of its existing trees.

In fact, the carnage was only the first step in a plan to make St. James more beautiful than ever. Most of the trees cut down were soft maples—short-lived, brittle and prone to wind and ice damage. Many of them were already diseased and dying. Using \$500,000 from the James Foundation, which was established in 1938 by the will of Lucy Wortham James, great-granddaughter of pioneering Missouri Ironmaker Thomas James, the town decided to tear out the old trees and begin replacing them with hardier fast-growing holly, sweet gum and flowering crab.

At first the new trees had to be imported from nurseries as far away as the Atlantic seaboard. Finally the town established a local "tree bank" that now covers 50 acres. On the tenth anniversary of the coming of the bulldozers, St. James can boast today that it has planted some 27,000 new trees—roughly nine for each of its inhabitants—and now qualifies as one of the most densely and handsomely wooded towns in the nation.

## TRAFFIC

### Signs of Color

The highways and byways of the U.S. may be sporting a profusion of new color. That, at least, is the recommendation of the National Joint Committee on Uniform Traffic Control Devices, an organization dedicated to doing something about the welter of traffic signs dotting the nation's 3,700,000 miles of roadways. They found that the multitude of hard-to-read signs has become a major cause of traffic accidents, confounding many motorists into panicking, abruptly switching lanes or coming to sudden halts. Says Committee Vice Chairman Charles W. Prisk:

Beauty from the bulldozers.

## MODERN LIVING

"The principle is that you just must not surprise the driver at 70 m.p.h.—or even at 30 m.p.h."

Noting that "the first thing the driver sees is the color," the committee concluded a three-day meeting in Denver by recommending that the U.S. make its road signs easier to recognize by broadening the basic spectrum of six colors (white, black, red, green, yellow, blue) now being used. The new hues would include purple for school zones, orange for road constriction ("detour"), and brown for public recreation areas—with grey, buff and chartreuse held in reserve for future needs. So far, Washington, D.C., and Denver have tested the purple school signs with favorable results, and Albuquerque and Syracuse are now planning to try them as well.

To make road signs still more easily recognizable, the committee also recommended greater use of uniform symbols, such as the European-style no-entry sign with a white horizontal bar on a red circle. After California installed such signs—which were lettered DO NOT ENTER—on its freeway exits two years ago, the number of fatalities caused by drivers heading up the down ramps was cut in half.

Since such proposals may lead to even more roadside signs, there is in-

creasing concern that the posts bearing them may be themselves not unduly dangerous. The Federal Department of Transportation is placing top priority on development and distribution of signs with so-called "frangibility," meaning that they break away on impact. After a motorist in Texas was killed crashing into a conventional post, the state replaced it with a frangible one; a few days later, right on schedule, another driver plowed into the new post—and walked away without a scratch.

## FASHION

### How Now? Brown

Paris finds itself swept up in a craze for chestnut-brown color that is being called "La folie du marron." While high-fashion arbiters were favoring basic black, buyers last summer began ordering their ready-to-wear dresses and suits in brown. Manufacturers took note, but no one imagined how far the dye would be cast.

Daniel Hechter, a major ready-to-wear designer, watched his orders for brown jump from 35% to 80%. Fabric makers began running out of stock, started using up old yardage as well as tinting all of their beige, light blues and whites. By last month, Stocking Manufacturer Gerbe was putting out 48,000 pairs of brown stockings and tights a week, and handbag shops found that nine out of every ten bags sold were brown.

Now all the high-fashion designers and shops want to climb aboard. Cardin has proclaimed: "Brown has class; it lends an air of distinction." Yves St. Laurent's bestsellers have turned out to be a brown tweed suit with cape and brown velvet evening ensembles. "Brown is such a beautiful color for winter," says French Vogue Editor Françoise de Langlade de la Renta. "So warm, so wonderful against a tanned skin." In Rome, after her trip to Cambodia and Thailand, Jacqueline Kennedy promptly placed an order with her favorite Italian designer, Valentino. Her choice: a wool crepe Mao shirt and matching skirt in midi length that reaches down to the middle of her calf, in brown.



SCHOOL-CROSSING WARNING  
Just don't surprise them at 70 m.p.h.

Voilà.  
It's a whole new  
ball game.

We're doing it. We're really, really doing it. Sales this year are up a whopping 85%. And still going strong.

Needless to say, the outlook was not always so rosy.

But yesterday was yesterday. 115-

But yesterday was yesterday. We fixed what needed fixing, and frankly we'd rather not dwell on the past.

We'd much rather dwell on the little hero that put us back in the running again: The Renault 10.

The car does everything an economy car should do, and does it well. It is the complete economy car.

the complete economy can:

It gets an honest 35 miles to the gallon.

It can, thanks to its 5 main bearings, cruise all day long at a top speed of 85 m.p.h. (Some great big cars don't have 5 main bearings.)

It can, thanks to its 4-wheel disc brakes, stop on a dime.

It goes 40,000 miles on a set of our Michelin X tires. (\$5 more per tire, but well worth it.)

It goes 18,000 miles or 2 years before you even have to consider water or anti-freeze.

It has seats that give cars costing \$5,000 a run for the money.

But the Renault 10 costs under \$2,000. Way under \$2,000.

If all this sounds a bit boastful, please forgive us. It's just that it feels so great to be on the way up again.

In fact, things are looking so good that we've just signed a 20-year lease on a new national headquarters building in Englewood.

in Englewood Cliffs, N.J.  
We plan to be in this ball game a long, long time.



## The Renault 10

# SPORT

## FOOTBALL

### Blood on the Ivy

There was a time in the Ivy League when losers could usually console themselves that their defeat was likely to be measured by no more than a gentlemanly two, or at the worst, three touchdowns. Not this year. From the high-scoring tortures the Ivies are inflicting on one another, Eli, John and the other chaps don't live there any more.

On average Saturday afternoons, the league's top four teams—Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth and Harvard—are running up a combined total of 112 points. By contrast, the Pacific Eight's top four teams total only an average 92 points a week, while the Southeastern Confer-

ence leaders total 97. The Big Ten has 81, and the Big Eight and Southwest war horses are in the paltry 70s. Only the Western Athletic Conference at 105 per week and the Missouri Valley at 101 come close.

After a slow start, Yale mauled Brown (35-0), Cornell (41-7), Dartmouth (56-15), Penn (44-22) and Princeton (29-7); Dartmouth has averaged 24 points a game, capped by a 41-6 scalping of Brown; Princeton boasts better than 30 points a game, and rates as its finest hour a 45-6 manhandling of Harvard—which in turn warmed up on outsider Lafayette 51-0, then stomped Columbia 49-13 and Penn 45-7.



OREGON STATE'S HAGGARD KICKING FIELD GOAL AGAINST U.S.C.  
It only hurts to smile on Saturdays.

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Their coaches blame this year's scores on the Ivy League's quarterbacks—particularly on their passing skills. Yale's Brian Dowling has 31 completions in 79 attempts for seven touchdowns in five games; Harvard's Ric Zimmerman already has eleven TD passes to his credit compared with seven all last year. Then

there O. J. Simpson. At stake: the Pacific Eight title, a Rose Bowl bid and the Heisman Trophy. "Whichever team wins this game should be the national champion," insisted Southern Cal Coach John McKay. After what happened last Saturday—U.C.L.A.'s Belan passing for two T.D.s, U.S.C.'s Simpson running for two, Southern Cal winning by the slim margin of a missed extra point, 21-20—experts disagreed with McKay's judgment.

Except Demosthenes Komstandis Andros—and the entire population (30,000) of Corvallis, Ore. A former Oklahoma guard, beefy "Dee" Andros, 43, is head coach of the Oregon State Beavers—if not the best team around, then certainly the most underrated. Five weeks ago, the Beavers scored a 22-14 victory over heavily favored (by 19 points) Purdue, then the No. 2-ranked team in the U.S. Three weeks ago, they battled to a 16-16 tie with the U.C.L.A. Bruins, who at that time held

the No. 2 spot. Two weeks ago, by a score of 3-0, they knocked Southern Cal's Trojans out of the unbeaten ranks and the No. 1 ranking. And how much recognition did those remarkable performances earn them? Not much. Last week, for the first time all season, Oregon State's "Spoilers" finally cracked the Top Ten in the wire-service polls—both of which rated them No. 8.

**Hardly Flukes.** The three games may have been upsets as far as the oddsmakers are concerned, but they were hardly flukes. Against Purdue, the fired-up Beaver defense forced the Boilermakers to fumble three times—and recovered all three. Against U.C.L.A., Oregon State missed a victory by the margin of two inches, when Fullback Bill Enyart was tackled exactly that far from the Bruins' goal line on a fourth-down plunge. Against Southern Cal, the Beavers beat the Trojans at their own game: ball control. They scored on a 30-yr. field goal by Mike Haggard (U.S.C. missed a 36-yr. yarder that would have tied the score), never allowed the Trojans to penetrate past the Oregon State 44 in the last half of the game.

Aggressiveness is the key to winning, according to Dee Andros—and he has no shortage of it himself. He wears orange and black shoes (O.S.U. colors, naturally), leads his team's banzai charge onto the playing field, and growls: "I don't think it hurts to smile on Fridays—but on Saturdays, my kids don't even open their mouths." By next year, those kids may even start smiling on Saturdays. Every member of Oregon State's starting backfield will still be in school, as will all but three of the defensive platoon that held Southern Cal scoreless.

## BASEBALL

### Rendered unto Cesar

Charles Evans Hughes once went to bed thinking he was President of the U.S., and woke up to discover that he was just another citizen. Carl Michael Yastrzemski of the Boston Red Sox went to Puerto Rico at the end of the 1967 baseball season, apparently certain of winning unanimous selection as the American League's Most Valuable Player. And why not? Outfielder Yastrzemski led the league in batting (.326) and R.B.I. (121); he was tied for the lead in home runs (44), and had personally powered the Red Sox—who finished ninth in 1966—to the American League pennant. In the World Series, against the St. Louis Cardinals, he hit .400 and clouted three home runs.

Last week, when the votes of the Baseball Writers' Association were counted, Yaz was indeed the Most Valuable Player—but only on 19 out of 20 secret ballots. The other vote went to Cesar Tovar, a utility infielder for the second-place Minnesota Twins who batted .267, hit six homers and drove in 47 runs. "Naturally," sighed Yastrzemski, "I would have liked it to be unanimous. But I'm happy to have won."

## HORSE RACING

### Passing of the Ghost

He was one of U.S. sport's first great television heroes, the Saturday idol of millions, long before anyone heard of Arnie Palmer or Willi the Stilt or Johnny U. Thousands of people sent him letters and greeting cards, little children organized fan clubs in his name, his portrait appeared on the cover of *TIME* (May 31, 1954). When he lost the 1953 Kentucky Derby by a head to a 25-1 shot named Dark Star, fans turned from their TV sets in tears.

That was the only race Native Dancer ever lost. In a three-year career marred by bad luck (he was knocked off stride by a swerving horse in the Derby) and a succession of physical ailments (bucked shins, stone bruises, a bad ankle, a sore hoof), Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's "Grey Ghost" won 21 out of 22 races and \$785,240—surpassing



NATIVE DANCER

*Bad luck for a snow-white stallion.*

the record of the legendary Man o' War. He was such a favorite with the bettors that only in his very first race were Native Dancer's odds higher than 9 to 10. Retired in 1954 to Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm in Maryland, the steel-grey horse gradually turned snow-white. He commanded a stud fee of \$20,000, highest of any individually owned stallion, and sired 231 offspring who so far have earned more than \$4,000,000. One of his grandsons, Northern Dancer, won the Kentucky Derby in 1964; one of his sons, Katal King, won the Derby and the Preakness in 1966. This summer, at the Saratoga yearling sale, nine of his offspring brought an average \$61,000 each.

Last week at 17 (equivalent human age: 50), Native Dancer fell ill, and was rushed to the University of Pennsylvania's veterinary hospital, where surgeons removed an intestinal tumor. The operation was not a success: Native Dancer died of shock.

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# EDUCATION

## UNIVERSITIES

### Gloom in Grad Schools

Last summer Congress knocked out draft deferments for all university graduate students except those who will be beyond one year of such work by next June or those pursuing medical studies. Now graduate-school deans are beginning to realize that unless the law is changed or Selective Service enlarges the list of deferable disciplines, they could lose as many as half of their prospective students next year.

**Atmosphere of Futility.** Columbia Graduate Faculties Dean Herbert Deane admits to being "scared to death" by the situation. University concern centers mainly on the fact that the complex planning for next year's budgets, faculty assignments and graduate fellowships must be made long before summer. The uncertainty about just how many graduate students will be called up, and when, is creating what University of Southern California Associate Graduate Dean Charles G. Mayo calls "an atmosphere of futility."

Most schools seem to be fearing the worst. Stanford Graduate Division Dean Virgil Whitaker foresees a "potential catastrophic disruption" that could take 75% of the students now in their first year of graduate studies. Dartmouth's School of Business Administration figures that its total enrollment will drop at least 50%: graduate schools at Cornell and the University of Wisconsin peg the loss at about one-third; those at Yale, Berkeley and the University of Massachusetts place it at 25%. Nearly all assume that most of their new students will be either women, veterans, foreigners, men with physical ailments or those over 25, which, under current practice, is the top draft age. "This is a pretty gloomy place," admits U.C.L.A. Graduate Division Dean Horace Magoun. "We cheer each other up by counting the number of students we know can't possibly be drafted."

**In Expanded Facilities.** The enrollment cutback—if it happens—would occur just at a time when most graduate schools have been expanding their facilities. The deans fear not only a sharp drop in income from tuition, but also a crippling of the research now largely carried out by graduate students on behalf of their supervising professors. Since graduate students also carry much of the undergraduate teaching load at big universities, a depletion of their ranks would force some professors out of their labs and libraries and back into classrooms. That, in turn, might force research-oriented scholars to switch to universities where the teaching demand was not so great.

Graduate deans do not contend that all their students should be deferred.

\* Including medicine, dentistry, veterinary medicine, osteopathy and optometry.

"That would be utterly immoral," says Berkeley Graduate Division Dean Sanford S. Elberg. But the universities argue that, whenever possible, students should be called before they enter grad school or after receiving their degrees—and not in academic midstream. Indicating the extent of the schools' concern, the Association of American Universities and the Council of Graduate Schools have petitioned the Defense Department to spell out precisely how many graduate students will be drafted. Professors at many universities are busy writing their Congressmen, friends in the Pentagon and even the President, asking for clarification.

CARL INKARSKI



INTERN JONES & COLORADO'S BARNETT  
Only two Cokes in the hole.

## COLLEGES

### Picking Presidents

Nearly 300 college presidencies in the U.S. are vacant this year—which suggests that the nation desperately needs a pool of skilled academic administrators. In the past, the grooming of college chief executives has often owed as much to chance as choice—a reluctant professor unexpectedly does well when his department's revolving chairmanship is thrust upon him; a dean displays a special talent for public relations or fund raising, a learned Government official wants an academic post.

One promising way of taking the guesswork out of presidential promotions is the internship program sponsored by the American Council on Education. Seeking out aspiring administrators on practically every U.S. campus, the A.C.E. every year sends up to 45 of them to another school as assistants to a top college administrator. There, the interns spend a year shadow-boxing with the problems of their hosts, taking a detailed look at how another campus operates—and incidentally enjoying more study time than they are likely to have again in their career.

**Open Doors.** Most interns spend their first weeks totally immersed in the problems of their new campuses. For Sister Mary Christopher Steele, assistant to the president of Detroit's Mercy College and now interning at Colorado College, that means at least one lengthy committee meeting a day plus in-depth interviews with upperclassmen fighting low mid-term grades. Associate Speech Professor Thomas Fernandez of Illinois' Monmouth College, on the run consulting with one administrator after another at Atlanta's Emory University, says: "I haven't encountered one single door closed to me."

After orientation, interns spend their time trying to solve the same kind of administrative puzzles that constantly occupy their bosses. Boston University's John Cartwright, assistant to a student affairs dean, already has persuaded students at the University of California's Santa Cruz campus to get off "the top of this hill" and help tutor the area's high school pupils from culturally deprived areas. Sister Mary Christopher surveyed student rights on 20 campuses as an aid to a Colorado College committee assigned to draft a student rights bill. Air Force Academy Associate Professor George H. Janezewski, assigned to work with University of Pennsylvania Provost David Goddard, budgeted the host school's international programs in New Zealand.

Most interns agree on the value of close association with experienced administrators. Billy Mac Jones, special assistant to the president of tiny Angelo State College in Texas, reviews issues at the University of Colorado with his mentor, Student Affairs Vice President Glenn Barnett, then hets him a Coca-Cola on the outcome. After ten weeks of forecasting, Jones is only two Cokes in the hole. Janezewski thinks of himself as "a working member of the provost's department," but echoes a majority of his fellow interns when he admits: "I can make mistakes for which I am not responsible."

**Faculty Turncoats.** The privilege of dealing intimately with top administrators can cause internal friction with host faculties: understandably, many professors harbor grudges against ambitious "faculty turncoats" in their own midst, not to mention outsiders. Perhaps because of his Air Force intelligence background, Janezewski has been the target of some suspicion at Penn, though Goddard insists: "He's definitely not a provost's spy."

Sponsored by a \$4,750,000 Ford Foundation grant, the A.C.E. program pays interns the salary they received at their home college, makes them promise to return for at least a year. The council picks about one of every seven prospects, who must survive a round of exams, essays and interviews. The A.C.E. picks well: of 23 fellows chosen in 1965—the first year of the program—four are already college presidents and all but one of the others has been promoted.



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## CINEMA

### NEW MOVIES

#### Blood on the Soapsuds

Poland's Roman Polanski (*Knife in the Water*) is hopping mad about *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, or *Pardon Me, But Your Teeth Are in My Neck*. Alleging that his U.S. producers cut 19 minutes of footage and otherwise tampered with his handiwork, he sputters: "What I made was a funny, spooky fairy tale, and this is a sort of Transylvanian *Beverly Hillbillies*!"

Polanski has requested that he not be mentioned in any connection with the movie. The difficulty is that there are so many connections: he not only directed but also helped write the film, plays one of the principal parts himself, and his girl friend (Sharon Tate) is the female lead. But it is easy to see why Polanski would prefer to blush unseen. Neither spooky nor spooky, *Vampire Killers* never manages to get out of the coffin.

Hunting the wily vampire, a batty professor (Jack MacGowran) and his simpleton assistant (Polanski) come to Dracula country and put up at an inn suspiciously festooned in garlic—a well-known specific against bloodsuckers. Things augur well when the luscious Sharon Tate is savagely tormented and fangled in her bath by caped Count Krolock, who makes off with her into the snowy night, leaving a sinister splash of blood on the soapsuds. But by the time that professor and assistant totter to the rescue with their bag of crucifixes (to ward off the vampires), the plot creaks even more than the doors and floor boards of Krolock Castle.

There are some pretty snowscapes, though, shot in the Italian Dolomites. And there is one hilarious reprise of an old burlesque gag: girl in bed raises crucifix to thwart approaching snaggletooth, who merely chuckles. "Baby," he says in a richly Yiddish accent, "hey you ever got the wrong vampire?"

POLANSKI (RIGHT) IN "KILLERS"  
Too many connections.



HAUDEPONT & LACOMBRADE  
Too cramped by discipline.

#### Schoolboy Sins

Anticlerical Novelist Roger Peyrefitte scandalized postwar France in 1945 with *Les Amantes Particulières*, the story of a homosexual love affair between two boys in a Roman Catholic boarding school. As filmed by French Director Jean Delannoy, *This Special Friendship* turns out to be both poignant and disturbing. Its impact depends not on hubris—the schoolboy crush at the center of the story is idealistic and unconsummated. It is based on Delannoy's deft projection of the human agony behind the cry of St. Paul: "For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

To an upper-class, priest-run school comes a new boy, Georges (Francis Lacombrade). He is 16, handsome, intelligent and reserved. The school is rigid with discipline and clerical politicking, up tight with sexual tension. In this tensely celibate world, Georges is shocked to discover that the classmate who first befriended him is having a love affair with another boy.

In a crisis of conscience he turns in an incriminating letter he has found, signed by his friend's lover, who is quickly expelled. Soon Georges is attracted to Alexandre, a pretty ten-year-old in the lower school. They meet in secret, exchange poems, swear eternal friendship in a blood ceremony. The open, cheerful innocence of the younger boy neutralizes Georges' sexual longings, and the relationship remains on the platonic plane.

Around them, though, the school is seething with suspicion and suppression. A priest-teacher, whose mind is slowly cracking with frustrated desire, threatens to take Alexandre away from Georges by becoming Alexandre's confessor. Finally the two boys are discovered in a clandestine meeting by a

humane priest whose wisdom has been too cramped by his spiritual discipline to foresee the tragedy he triggers.

Author Peyrefitte himself attended such a school, but that was half a century ago, and the climate of the church and its education has certainly changed. Even so, there are still forces of righteous striving, self-ignorance and guilt in the world that are capable of retelling the story of little Alexandre and poor Georges.

#### The Big Yawn

In *Tony Rome*, Frank Sinatra appears as a private eye for the first time. That fact may be of some interest to members of his immediate family, and the film may appeal to boosters of Miami Beach, which has seldom sparkled so prettily as it does here in Panavision-Deluxe. Others are likely to find the movie nothing more than a blatantly inept, uncredited remake of Humphrey Bogart's 1946 *The Big Sleep*.

That Sinatra is no Bogart is hardly news. What is more to the point is that neither Screen Writer Richard Breen nor Director Gordon Douglas affords him much opportunity to be Sinatra, an attractive enough role under proper auspices. Instead, he sleepwalks through the baroque entanglements of a plot involving a millionaire's daughter in hot water, some jewelry stolen and forged, and a veritable menagerie of dope addicts, lesbian strippers, crooked night-club owners, exasperated cops and good-hearted lasses.

The film also stops now and then to offer gratuitous and unfunny sight gags, like Sinatra asleep on his office sofa under a Yiddish newspaper. It remains one of Hollywood's major mysteries why a performer who puts so much style into his records so often sabotages his genuine talents in shoddy and ill-chosen movie vehicles.



SINATRA IN "ROME"  
Too little Bogeyman.



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## MILESTONES

**Married.** Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, 45, Manhattan socialite daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, distant cousin of Winston Churchill; and Theodore Roubanis, 27, sometime actor, full-time playboy, and sometime companion of actress Jeanne Moreau; she for the third time; in Philadelphia.

**Divorced.** Ralph Schoenman, 32, Brooklyn-born secretary to British pacifist Bertrand Russell and organizer of last May's Stockholm circus "trial" that convicted the U.S. of "war crimes" in Viet Nam; by Susan Goodrick-Schoenman, 25, his wife of five years, in Bournemouth, England. In granting the divorce on uncontested grounds of cruelty, the judge noted Schoenman's "sexual aberrations" and his habit of "refusing to wash or bathe except on very rare occasions."

**Divorced.** J. D. Salinger, 48, solitary author, whose Glass family chronicles have been produced painfully and slowly (only one story in *The New Yorker* in the past eight years); by Claire Salinger, 33, his second wife; after twelve years of marriage, two children in Newport, N.H. She charged treatment "to injure health and endanger reason" based on his indifference and refusal to communicate. He did not contest.

**Died.** Air Force Major Michael J. Adams, 37, in the crash of his X-15 rocket plane (see **THE NATION**).

**Died.** Major General Bruno A. Hochmuth, 56, commander of the 3rd Marine Division in Viet Nam (see **THE NATION**).

**Died.** Bernard Kilgore, 59, president of Dow Jones & Co. from 1945 to 1966; of cancer; in Princeton, N.J. The Indiana-born newsman signed on at the Wall Street Journal in 1929, made his way to the top by 1941 and thereafter transformed the parochial financial paper into one of the nation's most influential newspapers, aimed, as Kilgore liked to say, "at everyone who is engaged in making a living or is interested in how other people make a living." As the Journal rose to 1,000,000 circulation (second only to the *New York Daily News*), Kilgore added the *National Observer* (1962) to the Dow Jones stable, which, with *Barron's* financial weekly and the profitable financial ticker service, was bringing in annual revenues of \$83 million when he retired last year.

**Died.** Joan Lowell, 64, author and perpetrator of one of the great hoaxes in U.S. letters; of a lung hemorrhage; in Sobradinho, Brazil. In 1929, she wrote an instant bestseller, *The Cradle of the Deep*, a purported autobiographical account of how she and her father

adventured through the Seven Seas for 17 years. The only flaws were an obvious lack of nautical knowledge and the fact that friends remembered her as a California schoolgirl. Shrugged Joan, as the Book-of-the-Month Club offered refunds: "Any damn fool can be accurate—and dull."

**Died.** Serafino Romualdi, 66, U.S. labor's man-in-Latin-America; of a heart attack; in Mexico City. An Italian-born veteran of the ILGWU... Romualdi spent 16 years as the AFL-CIO's ambassador to Latin American workers, supplying expertise and playing a key anti-Communist role by setting up the Inter-American Regional Organization of Workers, whose affiliated members today number 28 million v. 600,000 in Communist-dominated unions.

**Died.** Clementine Paddelford, 67, food author and editor (*How America Eats*); of cancer; in New York. For a woman who cared not a fig about her own cooking (strictly steaks and baked beans), she had a genius for whetting the nation's appetite in her 21 years as columnist for the *New York Herald Tribune* and other newspapers, sniffing out succulent recipes and savoring soufflés that "melt and vanish in a moment like smoke or a dream."

**Died.** Ida Cox, seventyish, last of the great female blues singers of the '20s and '30s; of cancer; in Knoxville, Tenn. Ida often wailed her nasal laments (*The Moanin', Groanin' Blues, Hard Times*) for Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, and Louis Armstrong, whom she once recalled as "just another boy blowing a horn for the King."

**Died.** Sir Archibald Nye, 72, British lieutenant general and diplomat; of pulmonary edema; in London. Enlisting as a private in 1914, Nye rocketed through the ranks to become Vice Chief of the Imperial General Staff in World War II, youngest ever to hold the post. Later, as High Commissioner to India from 1948 to 1952, he persuaded Nehru to remain in the Commonwealth after independence; as High Commissioner to Canada from 1952 to 1956, he strengthened trade ties between Britain and Canada.

**Died.** Dr. Elmer V. McCollum, 88, pioneering nutritionist who identified the first vitamin; of a kidney ailment; in Baltimore. In 1913, he separated vitamin A from butterfat and discovered its relationship to good eyesight; later he found vitamin B (which prevents beriberi) in milk sugar, in 1922 found vitamin D in cod-liver oil and determined its importance (sturdy bones and teeth)—all of which helped promote diet as a national concern and foster today's \$300 million vitamin industry.



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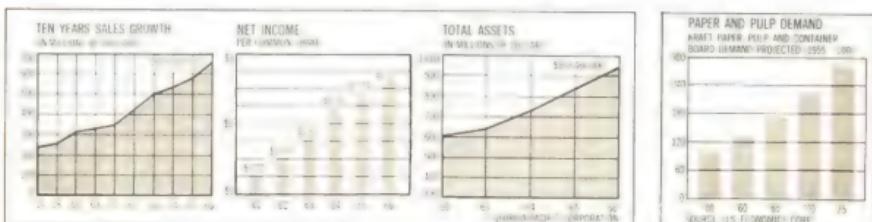
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# BUSINESS

## OPINION

### One Slice of the Pie

For all their worries, businessmen rarely sound like apocalyptic prophets. Yet last week President Rudolph A. Peterson of the San Francisco-based Bank of America, the world's largest private bank, gave ominous voice to a problem that increasingly dismays many U.S. leaders. In a London speech, Peterson warned that Europe's "new economic nationalism" and the protectionist response it seems to be stirring up in the U.S. have created an impasse that could undermine world prosperity and even lead to war.

"The growing spirit of factionalism is a clear danger to the cohesion of the Atlantic community," said Peterson. "At the very best, its projection into the future implies a slowdown in the economic growth rate of the free world and a particular slowdown in continental Europe. At worst, it raises the specter of accelerating restrictions on capital flow and along with it those notorious handmaidens of capital control: tariff walls, trade wars and isolationist trade blocs. While these projected consequences have unpleasant economic results, the political reverberations could be awesome. We are marching steadily toward a dangerous confrontation between the rich and poor nations of this small planet. Together, the U.S. and Europe can avert tragedy. But without the cohesion of the Atlantic region, the peace and prosperity—indeed the ultimate survival—of mankind could be in dire jeopardy. We are approaching a crossroads of profound importance."

**Beyond Nationalism.** Though Peterson's audience was composed of British and U.S. businessmen at a Savoy Hotel lunch of the American Chamber of Commerce of the U.K., his words were plainly aimed at corporate and government chiefs everywhere. "It is just possible," said Peterson, "that businesses have the potential to handle internationalism better than governments." Specifically, he proposed "increasing operational cooperation" among businessmen on both sides of the Atlantic, especially through multinational corporations—companies owned and operated by citizens of several nations.

Similar views have lately been aired with growing frequency by other U.S. executives, notably former Under Secretary of State George W. Ball, now chairman of Lehman Brothers International, Ltd., the overseas arm of the Manhattan investment banking house. Last month Ball even suggested that multinational companies be allowed to escape the control of individual nations through a treaty creating an "international companies law." Only thus, Ball argues, can global enterprises avoid "the

stifling restrictions imposed on commerce by the archaic limits of nation states" and realize their potential to "use the world's resources with maximum efficiency."

**Shadow & Substance.** Peterson not only backs Ball's suggestions, but last week he also urged the world's businessmen to nudge their governments toward six other reforms: 1) a multinational investment guarantee system within the World Bank to ensure against what he called "non-business" (political) risks; 2) an international legal code to protect private property from expropriation; 3) development of the European capital market; 4) more closely meshed

planes. But the cheap promotional fares are putting such a squeeze on profit margins that last week four major trunk carriers agreed that the time had come to dump some of the discounts.

In separate petitions to the Civil Aeronautics Board, United, TWA, American and Eastern Air Lines asked permission to curtail use of the almost industry-wide "Discover America" excursion fares. Generally, such fares offer a 25% discount from regular round-trip jet coach rates, while requiring travelers to return no sooner than the following calendar week and no later than 30 days after they start. The fare cannot be used during two peak travel



PETERSON SPEAKING IN LONDON  
*Managers of the world, unite!*

national patent systems, 5) broader approaches to antitrust problems and 6) a freer flow of technology. "We have created the illusion of multinationalism without the reality, the shadow without the substance," he argued. "To borrow from Cassius, the fault is not with the concept but with ourselves."

In their pursuit of multinational activities, Peterson added, U.S. businessmen must learn to temper the typical American goal to be first and biggest. Our effort must be to help expand the market for the benefit of all and to be content with one slice of an ever-growing pie."

## AIRLINES

### Dumping the Discounts

The battle began in 1963, when American Airlines offered half-price seats to servicemen on a standby basis. Ever since, U.S. airlines have been competing for traffic with an ever proliferating and vastly confusing array of cut-rate fares. As a result, more passengers than ever are crowding aboard

planes: noon to midnight Fridays and noon Sundays to noon Mondays.

**The First Step.** Much to their dismay, the airlines have discovered that many a businessman who had been counted on to pay full fare has learned to juggle his travel to take advantage of the cut-rate schedules. TWA figures that \$20 million worth of business that otherwise would have produced full fares will be diverted to discount fares this year, adding only \$16.7 million to revenues. "In this respect, we've been our own worst enemies," says Executive Vice President G. Ray Woods of National Airlines. Despite a 17% rise in total operating revenues, the nation's eleven major domestic carriers and Pan American World Airways suffered a 9% drop in operating profits during the first half of this year.

It was with such statistics in mind that United, TWA and American, in addition to seeking to restrict the hours and days their "Discover America" fares may be used, proposed to abolish their \$200 excursion fare for transcontinental round trips and get the price back to

\$217. United President George Keck describes such moves as "a logical first step" toward raising airline profits. This amounted to a broad hint that next year the carriers may ask for a general fare increase, their first since 1962.

**Cupcakes in Hot Pink.** For all their financial pinch, the carriers are still revving up frills and frippery to woo customers. Pacific Airlines not long ago put its stewardesses in "hot pink" uniforms and advertised them delectably as "cupcakes." Staid Northwest Airlines added a mink collar to its stewardess attire last month—and lifted hemlines just above the knee. To whip up interest in its South American routes, Braniff has just introduced such gourmet dishes as *Cebiche Peruano de Pescado* (raw fish steeped in lemon juice)

by selling seats on its middle-of-the-night freight and mail flights. A trip from Boston to Detroit costs only \$27.15, or 5¢ less than bus fare.

**Clearing the Cabin.** Coddling of passengers goes just so far, though, and the airlines have yet to devise baggage rules that keep everybody happy. Because too many people have been sneaking aboard with everything from caged pets to rubber trees and stuffed elk heads, the FAA last month flatly prohibited carry-on luggage too big to fit beneath seats (which generally accommodate packages 9 in. high, 13 in. wide, 23 in. long). As one result, American Airlines has stocked O'Hare Airport in Chicago with hundreds of cardboard containers for items plucked from their customers' arms. As another result, Violinist Emery Deutsch was recently forced to pay an extra half fare for a seat to carry his \$40,000 Guarnerius from New York to Chicago. One airline went so far as to refuse to let a woman passenger keep her crutches at her seat, insisting that they must be stowed in the coat compartment. Coeds have been barred from boarding with stuffed shopping bags, and hippies have faced a similar rebuff. Last week a teenager headed for San Francisco in Levi's, sweatshirt and bare feet painted bright red approached a TWA gate in Chicago. "You can't get aboard," ruled the agent, "unless you wash your feet—and put on some shoes."

## FOOD

### Meat Fit to Eat

Upton Sinclair's book *The Jungle*, a scathing exposé of the filthy conditions existing in the nation's meat-packing plants, led to passage of the 1906 Meat Inspection Act. Still in force, the act requires the Department of Agriculture to inspect every red-meat animal whose carcass moves in interstate commerce—both before and after slaughter. Troubles is, 15% of the slaughtered animals and 25% of the processed meat do not cross state lines and thus escape federal regulation. Policing of this meat is left to the states, but only 29 have mandatory meat-inspection laws, and most of those are considered inadequate by the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

and *Arroz con Pato Chifa* (marinated duckling in soy sauce with date, rice and walnut dressing) even aboard domestic flights. Reinforcing its \$2,000,000-a-year take-the-wife-along campaign, United has been spending its own money to promote the availability of reduced rates for couples at the Hilton and Sheraton hotel chains and the Hertz and Avis rent-a-car companies.

For the nation's 13 regional airlines, fare slicing still seems the best way to fill empty seats, most of which are vacant because their new jets provide increased capacity. Ozark, with an operating loss of \$240,000 for the first nine months of the year, gives students and military men confirmed space at a 33% discount, lets clergymen fly on a standby basis for half fare. Next month it plans a \$30 weekend special allowing a passenger to fly anywhere in the system from Saturday morning to Sunday afternoon. With a similar scheme, Mohawk increased its Saturday traffic by 46% during the first half of the year. Mohawk is also turning a profit

**Flies & Vermin.** The meat-packing industry has changed from downright opposition to any federal intervention in intrastate business to outright embracing of the Montoya bill. For as the subcommittee hearings continue, meat packers and grocers alike are hurting from the publicity generated by mounting evidence of irregular and insufficient intrastate meat-inspecting practices. Graphic descriptions were presented to the subcommittee from a 1962 Agriculture Department report of non-federally controlled meat-packing houses alive with flies and vermin. The subcommittee was also told that in 1966 federal inspectors forced producers to discard 250 million pounds of unwhole-some meat.

In yet another test, the Department of Agriculture last July examined non-federally inspected processed meat products on grocery-store shelves—including Atlantic & Pacific, Kroger and First National Stores—in 38 states. Of the 162 samples tested, only 39 were able to meet federal standards. In most cases, the products contained more than the specified amounts of water, binder, cereals and nonfat dry milk, additives that do not necessarily injure health but do devalue the meat.

**Switching Bills.** With Mondale racking up mileage from his publicly popular cause—and with headline-grabbing Ralph Nader and labor unions joining the fight for across-the-board federal standards—it was not surprising last week that the Johnson Administration switched allegiance from Montoya to Mondale. Said Consumer Affairs Special Assistant Betty Furness: "The American housewife wants immediate and mandatory meat inspection." Speaking of the Montoya bill, she added: "I believe the housewife is unwilling to wait two years or three years or longer before she can be confident that the meat she serves her family is healthful." Best guess, however, is that the subcommittee will compromise on a bill closer to Montoya's version so as to avoid a floor fight before a final vote by the Senate.

## BUILDING

### Instant Hotel

Every 35 minutes, the monster crane with a boom almost as long as a football field plucked a 35-ton concrete box from a waiting truck-trailer and swing it high over the construction site beside the San Antonio River. Ever so delicately, Crane Operator Gene Smith steered the massive shell against the push of the wind; every gust was countered by radioed adjustments in the pitch of a helicopter tail rotor mounted on the lifting rig. With directional help from a magnetic compass, Smith gently stacked each concrete box atop an identical unit, to which it was sealed with more concrete. Seventy-two times last week, a guest room was thus lofted into place around the 21-story elevator



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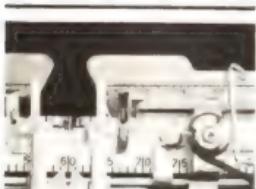
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HOISTING ROOM INTO SAN ANTONIO PALACIO  
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core of San Antonio's fast-rising Hilton Palacio Del Rio Hotel.

Contractor Henry B. Zachry borrowed the basic idea for his instant-construction technique from Expo 67's Habitat, a twelve-story Montreal housing complex built of prefabricated concrete apartments piled up like children's blocks. The method promises to cut construction time on Zachry's \$10 million, 445-room hotel from a normal twelve months to eight. And only by such a speedup could the hotel be completed in time for the April opening of San Antonio's HemisFair '68, of which Zachry is chairman. Though he estimates that so far the technique itself has cost about as much as conventional construction, the 33% faster schedule will not only save Zachry a bundle of money in financing costs but also enable the hotel to start earning money sooner. And Zachry owns the hotel; Hilton will lease and manage it.

**Factory Furnished.** The process is remarkably efficient because every guest room is not only precast but completely pre-equipped. Everything from plumbing and wiring to light bulbs, bed linen and furniture (which is bolted to the floor or walls) is installed before the rooms leave a factory-like production line seven miles from the site. To allow workmen space to repair pipes and wires in later years, the room modules are set 20 inches apart and the resulting gaps in the hotel's facade are filled with brick. To provide corridors, the back of each room module comes with a 24-in. protruding concrete lip, which is sealed to a similar lip to form a 5-ft. hallway.

In Russia and much of Europe, builders have been achieving construction economies for years with variations of Zachry's technique. "This is going to

be the trend of the future," says Manhattan Architect William Tabler, the busiest U.S. designer of hotels. "What Zachry is doing is wonderful. I'd be doing it too, if we could." Like most contractors, Tabler blames organized labor for preventing adoption of such cost-cutting methods, sometimes by the threat of tying up a job in jurisdictional disputes, sometimes through covert control of local building codes. In New York City, for instance, Electrical Workers Local 3 will install only light fixtures made by its own members.

Zachry faces no such problems. Much building labor in San Antonio remains unorganized. And commercial construction costs, according to the American Appraisal Co.'s widely used index, rank as sixth lowest among U.S. cities—8% above those in cheapest Savannah, Ga., and Jackson, Miss., but 35% below those in costliest New York City.

## ENTERTAINMENT

### Greatest Show on Earth

Flamboyant Showman Roy Hofheinz already has his own personal steel and Lucite colosseum—the \$38 million Houston Astrodome. But he figured that the old Colosseum in Rome was the only place for last week's occasion. Leading a flock of family, flacks and photographers, plus an unruly lion, Hofheinz and his partners, Washington, D.C. Impresarios Israel and Irvin Feld, met in the grand ruins to buy the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus from John Ringling North for \$10 million. North, after all, has a home in Rome, so the Colosseum, said Irvin Feld, "was a natural. You could hardly have done the thing any place else."

The Roman cops were not so sure. When the visitors, lacking a table to

sign papers on, began moving a heavy stone slab around to make do, a dozen *carabinieri* came on the run to halt what looked like desecration of a national monument. When the sideshow ended at last, "The Greatest Show on Earth" passed to its new owners.

At 64, North had been boss of the 97-year-old family circus since 1936, and with his brother Henry, 58, held a controlling 51% of the stock. While John lived in Paris, Rome and Zurich for most of the past four years, he left details to Henry and grew ever more weary of dealing with fractious minority shareholders.

One reason why North finally agreed to sell was that the deal included the Felds, who gross \$6,500,000 a year handling such headliners as Harry Belafonte and Andy Williams. As agents for the circus since 1956, they were credited with helping it survive at a time when TV was hurting the box office and its own costly small-town "big top" shows were hurting profits. Now well in the black, the circus is expected to end its current season next week with a record \$8,500,000 in receipts.

The circus also made a mark at Hofheinz's Astrodome two years ago, when it drew a record crowd of 41,000 for a single performance. Hofheinz, 55, wants to cover "the gamut of family entertainment." Along with a convention-minded Astrowall and four Astromotels in the works, he is building a \$10 million, 56-acre Astroworld (a Texas version of Disneyland) hard by the Astrodome to "the greatest complex of family enjoyment, sports entertainment and show facilities in the world." That does not leave much for the Greatest Show on Earth, but its fans can be thankful that it will be on the road next year, just about as before.



ISRAEL FELD, HOFHEINZ, NORTH, IRVING FELD IN ROME  
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# Unfortunately, college kids don't even dislike American business.

## They just ignore it.

That's our biggest problem. Because dislike, at least, would give us a chance for a dialogue. But indifference just closes the door in our face.

So each June, business goes right on losing more bright young people to teaching, public service, government and other non-business fields for the wrong reasons.

Because they think business is dull, money-grubbing, conformist, self-centered—you name it.

And we haven't convinced them otherwise.

Sure, there are still more students who want a career in business than don't. And there are plenty of companies, like Olin, who haven't felt the squeeze.

But that doesn't mean we can ignore the problem, or even settle for halfway measures to solve it.

There are other factors involved.

Last year, business got only two graduates for every three it wanted. (In engineering, it was one for two.)

But this year, with the number of graduates remaining roughly the same, corporation hiring goals jumped 53% higher.

Allow for the effect of the draft, and the fact that more students than ever before are going on to graduate school before settling on a career, and the picture gets even bleaker.

So business just can't afford to lose any graduates

unnecessarily.

What's the answer?

Part of it is to recognize that today's student is no longer interested in the old lures of salary, pension and profit sharing alone. He's looking for challenge and responsibility, too.

He wants the opportunity to help solve the great social issues of our time—ignorance, poverty, race relations, and a dozen others.

And, if he doesn't know that this opportunity does exist in business—probably to an even greater degree than in government or social work—then he hasn't been reached with the facts.

That's why if any company is having trouble attracting students, it ought to take a new look at itself.

Has it kept pace with the new goals of our kids? Is it telling them—indeed, is it in a position to tell them—what they really want to know? Or is it merely blaming "student attitudes" for its own shortcomings?

Changes based on the answers to these questions won't be easy to make, of course.

But it's certainly worth trying, whatever the cost. Because if companies with recruiting problems can succeed in getting their stories across to students, they won't be just helping themselves.

They'll be helping all business.

**Olin**

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Besides saving time by printing each subscriber's name and address on every list mailed, our 701 Addresser-Printer has become a permanent record of pertinent data on each of Dan's subscribers. The plates hold not just the subscriber's name and address, but also his billing number and area code letters that tell which lists to mail

and how much to bill him at the end of the month. As Dan told us, "The Pitney-Bowes' plate was the only one large enough to hold all the data we need."

There's another machine that helps Dan with his work. One that has nothing to do with outgoing mail. A Pitney-Bowes LH mailopener. It just has everything to do with getting incoming mail quickly opened and out of the way.

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## ENTREPRENEURS

### Weinstock Wins

For three of the four men who lunched together last week in the executive dining room of Britain's Associated Electrical Industries Ltd. on Grosvenor Place, London, the menu included a side order of crow. The humiliation of A.E.I. Chairman Sir Charles Wheeler, Chief Executive Sir Joseph Latham and Finance Director John Barber stemmed from the circumstances of the lunch. Their guest, General Electric Co. Ltd. Managing Director Arnold Weinstock, 43, had just acquired their company in one of the bitterest takeover battles in British business history and had come to Grosvenor Place to begin putting it into effect.

In a country where titles and family count heavily in business, Weinstock is the son of an immigrant Polish tailor. He was educated at state schools instead of Eton or Harrow, graduated from the University of London rather than Oxford or Cambridge. Weinstock joined General Electric—no kin to the U.S.'s G.E.—in 1961 when G.E.C. bought out Radio & Allied Holdings, an electronics firm founded by his father-in-law.

**From Red to Black.** Because his father-in-law's holdings made him G.E.C.'s biggest stockholder, Weinstock soon became managing director. Since that time he has ruthlessly turned the stagnant company around. Unprofitable heavy-equipment divisions have been sold off, red-inked offices closed, personnel trimmed, including a cut in the headquarters office force from 2,000 to 200. Weinstock set up new accounting procedures to monitor G.E.C.'s progress, and executives who did not measure up to his operating standards were promptly fired or allowed to resign. In five years, G.E.C.'s earnings quadrupled to \$25.4 million, after taxes, on sales of \$458.5 million; the company be-

came Britain's third largest electric-equipment manufacturer and one of the country's most profitable operations. This year, with sales of consumer goods off in a sluggish economy, G.E.C.'s earnings have dropped 14% though.

Associated Electrical, meanwhile, was doing worse. Although it was next to the largest in the industry (after English Electric), its earnings of \$37.5 million last year were 47% lower than the year before. Thus, when Weinstock offered to buy out A.E.I. for \$448 million, some stockholders, including the Church of England (which owns stock worth \$8,400,000) leaped at the chance. In a six-week battle during which both sides spent about \$550,000 on advertising alone, Weinstock won about 70% of A.E.I.'s shares.

**With the Giants.** After merging the two companies into a \$1.2 billion firm, Weinstock will repeat the renovation he carried out at G.E.C. He is expected to phase out unprofitable manufacture of heavy generators and transformers, concentrate on telecommunications and electronics, in which the company can compete against such foreign firms as ITT and General Telephone & Electronics Corp. of the U.S., Europe's Philips and Siemens AG, and Japan's Nippon Electric Co. Ltd. "The future," insists the young executive, "lies with the giants." And Arnold Weinstock obviously classes himself with the giants.

### In Deep Water

Rumors have been circulating for nearly a year that Millionaire Jerry Wolman's financial empire is on the verge of crumbling. Last week in Philadelphia, 40-year-old Wolman, sometime boy wonder of the construction industry and still the owner of 52% of the National Football League's Philadelphia Eagles, admitted that he is indeed in big trouble. Stung by the morning Inquirer's speculating on his finances, Wolman called a press conference at the unusual hour of 8:30 a.m., presumably to give the more friendly afternoon Bulletin his side of the story. He announced that he lost \$15.5 million recently, that bankruptcy "could come at any minute," and that he needs about \$7,000,000 in cash right now in order to stay solvent. He blamed his woes on a combination of "tight money" and his own "bad planning."

Wolman's plight was brought into the open by a lawsuit for the relatively piddling amount of \$174,000, the balance of a \$600,000 bill the American Seating Co. claims he owes it. The corporation had put 15,000 seats in Philadelphia's Spectrum, a Wolman-constructed, \$12.5 million sports arena. If Wolman's 300 other creditors follow American Seating's example, the chain-smoking entrepreneur, who values his assets at \$92 million and his liabilities at more than \$85 million, could be wiped out. Says he: "I can't tell how close to bankruptcy I am. It's up to the creditors. If the creditors don't take stu-



WOLMAN AT PRESS CONFERENCE

*The will to hang on.*

pid action, like American Seating, I'm convinced I can bring them all out whole."

**Destination Unknown.** Wolman had his first brush with creditors in 1949, at age 22, when he and his brother opened a grocery store and could not pay \$5,000 in bills. He issued promissory notes, then piled into a 1938 Chevrolet and drove off with his wife—destination unknown. Only a chance pickup of a Washington, D.C.-bound hitchhiker led them to that city, where he took a \$75-a-week job in a paint store. His wife went to work for an insurance company. From their combined incomes, Wolman paid off the creditors, and in 1952 he decided to start his own painting-contracting business. This, in turn, led him into real estate—and more debt.

Inexperienced in the ways of realty, he built houses in Virginia, tried to sell them when the market was glutted, and went \$100,000 in the hole. But he managed to convince subcontractors that they would get their money, then borrowed \$700,000 to build an apartment house in Arlington, Va. This time he hit pay dirt, and in nine months realized a \$200,000 profit. As the Government grew and the housing demand picked up, Wolman's fortunes soared. Just 16 years after arriving in Washington, he was worth \$35 million, on paper. His real estate holdings stretched from Philadelphia to Chicago, where the John Hancock Life Insurance Co. helped finance a Wolman scheme for a 100-story office-residential building.

**Short of Sources.** Then, last December, Wolman began running short of money sources; he sold John Hancock his interest in the Chicago skyscraper for \$5,500,000, getting only half his investment back. Now his other holdings are also threatened—including millions in real estate, Philadelphia's Connie Mack Stadium and the Yellow Cab companies of Philadelphia and Camden, N.J. In addition, he has overdrawn his bank accounts by



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\$85,000, is \$226,000 behind in paying his insurance premiums and owes \$182,000 in back taxes.

Since buying the Eagles four years ago, Wolman has become a sports buff, and though he owes \$7,000,000 on his holding, he claims he would not sell the club for \$150 million. Moreover, even while facing financial disaster, he talks of completing one last big real estate project—a \$100 million "city within a city" in Camden, N.J.

## MERGERS

### New School Try

By the time he was 29, William Colvin had studied economics at Cornell and business administration at Columbia; he had worked for three companies to get seasoning for a career in management. He was doing well at his latest job in the corporate planning department of Olivetti-Underwood Corp., where he was involved in efforts to acquire new companies. Then, one morning, while staring moodily out the window of a New York Central commuter train, Colvin had an idea. Instead of making mergers himself, why not teach other people how to make them?

That inspired train ride has resulted in Corporate Seminars, Inc., a traveling school that instructs puzzled businessmen about the ABCs of mergers and acquisitions. Only one year old, Corporate Seminars has already graduated 700 students, and Colvin expects an enrollment of 2,000 pupils a year very shortly. Last week, following seminars in New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles and Atlanta, Corporate Seminars held classes in Toronto for Canadian businessmen who have also been hit by the urge to merge.

**The Right Partner.** Colvin says that the basic idea for the school stems from his experiences at Olivetti. There he was involved in a frustrating assignment. Anxious to move rapidly into the lucrative field of office copying ma-

chines, Olivetti decided on a merger to speed up the process. Trouble was, the company found it all but impossible to locate the right partner. The more Colvin pondered this, the more he became convinced that other businessmen were also being held back by what he now calls "uncoordinated efforts." Still others lacked connections with knowledgeable investment-banking firms who could provide merger assistance. And some shied away from the expense of seeking outside help.

On the theory that such businessmen could be taught do-it-yourself merging, Colvin quit Olivetti and enrolled a part-time faculty for Corporate Seminars. His teachers are all experts. Royal Little, retired founder of Textron, Inc., counsels Colvin's students on the pitfalls of getting together. These include such dangers as whether the merger's inventory is all he says it is and questions such as: How do you handle your own employee reaction if his pension plan is better than yours? Answer: Increase yours if the acquisition costs justify it. David Judelson, president of merger-minded Gulf & Western Corp., discusses financial techniques. Raytheon Chairman Charles Adams explains the most promising methods of making the first overture. Best way: try a direct telephone call to the proposed partner but keep the conversation vague at first. ("Let's see if we have something to talk about.")

**Better than Real.** Sessions end with "battle tests," in which students use Harvard Business School case studies and take both sides of a merger that other businessmen have already consummated. "The deals arrived at in the workshops," says Columbia Professor Samuel Hayes, who referees the battle tests, "are consistently much better than they were in real life."

Students pay up to \$500 tuition for two to five days of courses, and Colvin expects a profit of \$100,000 this year, much of which he will put back into the venture to keep it growing.

## SHIPPING

### Follow the Star

When his ship *Valkyrien* founded on the coast of Scotland in 1883, Danish Captain Peter Maersk Møller thought he saw a seven-pointed star in the sky. Even in that moment of disaster, Møller, an optimist if ever there was one, decided that he had witnessed an omen of good fortune. Apparently he was right: today the family flag, a seven-pointed white star on a light blue field, is known the world over. It flies on 92 freighters, tankers and other vessels of the Maersk Line, over a shipyard and machinery and petrochemical plants, even over a 25,000-acre sugar plantation in Tanzania.

The old stargazer's son, Arnold Peter Møller, founded the firm, and it is named after him. A. P. Møller made the most of his small stake, and in



WILLIAM COLVIN  
A bite of the big bit.



SHIPOWNER MØLLER

Seven points on the seven seas.

1904 he was able to buy a second-hand steamer. He parlayed that one vessel into what is now a multimillion-dollar empire. A believer in running a tight ship, A. P. Møller was one of Denmark's richest men when he died in 1965 at the age of 88. He passed the helm of the company to his son, Maersk McKinney Møller, now 54, who commands his diverse enterprises from an inconspicuous red brick building on King's Square in Copenhagen. Near his desk hangs a world map on which colored magnets chart the day-by-day movements of Maersk Line ships. Says Møller: "What I do is operate a round-the-world bus service."

Shipping rolled up a \$40 million profit for A. P. Møller Co. in 1966, more than 90% of it from abroad. "Working without government support, we must compete with flag preferences and subsidized companies—in reality with foreign governments. But we work hard, we watch our expenses and we try to give service second to none," Møller explains. The system works. This year Maersk ships represented half of the Danish merchant fleet's total tonnage of 4,000,000 tons.

Most of the line's ships are built at Møller's Lindoe shipyard near Odense. Of 54 ships launched there in the past ten years, 31 fly the seven-pointed star. But even without the shipping line, the shipbuilding branch would probably be in the black. The boom that followed the closing of the Suez Canal left order books bulging, with some delivery dates as far ahead as 1970. Eleven ships with more than a 2,000,000-ton capacity are on order at Lindoe, including two 240,000-ton tankers for Esso.

A modest, retiring man, Maersk McKinney Møller credits his success to two things: his grandfather's star and his father's motto: "No detail is too small. No effort too great."

\* For his mother, Kentucky-born Chastine Estelle McKinney.



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# MUSIC

## ORCHESTRAS

### Together at Last

*Conductor* I want to commend you for coming to all my rehearsals.

*Orchestra Member* You're welcome, maestro; I'm only sorry I can't make the concert.

Apoxyphal or not, this well-known two-liner has long exemplified the anarchy that is the Parisian orchestra. Symphonic life in Paris has almost always been a laughing matter for the rest of the world. Underfinanced, underdtailed and underrehearsed, the city's three major, privately backed, week-to-week orchestras (Lamoureux, Colonne and Pasdeloup) slog through their Sunday afternoon old-hat concerts with all the *esprit de corps* of Napoleon's army after Moscow. Parisian conservatories turn out some of the best instrumentalists in the world, but they have very little incentive to remain at home. Arturo Toscanini once remarked that France could have the best orchestra in the world if it were willing to spend the money.

Last June, France finally decided to spend the money, and last week a major step was taken to prove Toscanini's theory. Financed jointly by the French and Parisian governments, a new orchestra made its debut—not on Sunday afternoon but on Tuesday night. It was obvious before Conductor Charles Munch's first downbeat at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées that the Orchestre de Paris was a striking departure from the Parisian norm. Its 110 members were predominantly young (average age:

35). They were dressed alike in midnight blue Pierre Cardin tails with shawl collars and burgundy sashes. And wonder of wonders, they played together, and beautifully, too.

Organized by Marcel Landowski, music director of André Malraux's Ministry of Culture, the Orchestre de Paris chose its members as a *cordon bleu* chef would select truffles. All are conservatory prizewinners, including Bulgarian-born Lubin Yordanoff, 41, who left his first chair in the Monte Carlo National Orchestra to join the Paris group as concertmaster. Fifty-two of its members are from the recently disbanded Paris Conservatory Orchestra, an above-average ensemble in its day. The salary range, high for Paris, runs from \$620 to \$820 a month, counterbalanced by an exclusivity clause in each contract forbidding the players from working with other ensembles.

The opening program was typical of Munch's cautious adventurousness: Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, Debussy's *La Mer* and Stravinsky's recent, brief *Requiem Canticles*. At 76, Munch brought a remarkably youthful enthusiasm to the podium; and this, as much as anything, may explain the new era of clarity, precision and musicianship reborn in Paris through its new orchestra. As one astounded member noted after a rehearsal, some of the men even take their music home to practice.

## POP MUSIC

### Swimming to the Moon

"I'm interested in anything about revolt, disorder, chaos, especially activity that has no meaning. It seems to me to be the road to freedom." Thus 23-year-old Jim Morrison states the philosophy behind The Doors, the rock group for which he is the chief songwriter and singer. Not surprisingly, The Doors are based in Los Angeles, where they find their peculiar mysticism perversely congenial. "This city is looking for a ritual to join its fragments," says Morrison. The Doors are looking for such a ritual too—in Morrison's words, "a sort of electric wedding."

The search takes them not only past such familiar landmarks of the youthful odyssey as alienation and sex, but into symbolic realms of the unconscious—eerie night worlds filled with throbbing rhythms, shivers, metallic tones, unsettling images. Swim to the moon, they sing, and "penetrate the evening that the city sleeps to hide."

Preaching passion of both the metaphysical and physical order, The Doors have a style at once more plaintive and dramatic than the droning, hypnotic waves of sound poured out by other West Coast groups such as the Jefferson Airplane and Grateful



THE DOORS AT THE FILLMORE  
Electric wedding for the fragments.

Dead. They stattle and bemuse with a uniquely mournful and moody tone that shades Morrison's dusky voice seamlessly into a dark-textured background: the haunting organ, piano and bass of Ray Manzarek, 24; the sinuous guitar of Robby Krieger, 21; the nimble drums of John Densmore, 22.

When The Doors finally bring off their electric wedding, it may well take the form of a small-scale musical play. The prototype is *The End*, their enigmatic, 113-minute string of visions apparently revolving around an Oedipus situation in which Morrison portrays several roles—some behind a red mask. Last week, opening an engagement at San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium, they introduced *The Unknown Soldier*, an antiwar philippic with martial music, shouted commands, the loading click of a rifle and shots mixed in with instrumental passages.

The Doors ultimately envision music with "the structure of poetic drama." Such a forbidding structure could cramp their financial fortunes, which at the moment are wide open: both of their albums, *The Doors* and *Strange Days*, are among the top five on the sales charts: *Light My Fire* has been one of the smash singles of the year. But they don't seem worried, since the more complex forms come closer to fulfilling their apocalyptic imagination. Says Morrison: "We hide ourselves in the music to reveal ourselves."

## BANDS

### Play It Again, Sam

No, the big bands are not coming back. They probably never will. At least not in the way they flourished 30 years ago, doing up to six shows a day at theaters like Manhattan's Paramount, playing for dancing at spots like the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle, N.Y., echoing over the radio networks every night from hotel ballrooms across the U.S. All that has been relegated to memory—and to the big-band buffs. These are the forlorn breed of fanatics



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TOMMY DORSEY & THE BAND 1948

More things better than any other.

who can not only instantly identify Artie Shaw's 1940 recording of *Stardust* but can even name the trumpet and trombone soloists on it (Billy Butterfield and Jack Jenney), and who thrive as much on nonmusical nostalgia as on genuine musical connoisseurship.

Such a man is George I. Simon, 55, executive director of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. At Harvard in the early 1930s, Simon was so excited by the Casa Loma Orchestra's flashy beat that he used it as the style for his own college band; later he became a drummer for Glenn Miller, a writer and editor for the old *Metromonic* magazine, and a producer for records, radio and TV. Now, drawing heavily on his *Metromonic* files, he has packed all he knows about the peak of swing (1935-46) into an encyclopedic volume, *The Big Bands* (Macmillan; \$9.95). Like the zealots of whom and to whom it speaks, the book is cheerfully biased, sometimes repetitive, often superficial—and just as often stirringly evocative of the fervid period when so many groups (Simon mentions some 450) "swung freely and joyously," filling listeners with "an exhilarated sense of friendly well-being."

**Jealous Rim Shots.** Best of them all, says Simon, was Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. Others may have been more creative, hard-driving or distinctive, but, all around, Dorsey's band "could do more things better than any other." At one time or another, it featured such talents as Drummer Buddy Rich and Trumpeter Bunny Berigan, Singers Frank Sinatra and Jo Stafford, Arrangers Paul Weston and Sy Oliver—and, always, the warm, silken trombone of T.D. himself, from whom Sinatra learned most of what he knows about breathing and phrasing.

Dorsey raided other bands so merci-

lessly that one rival, Joe Marsala, wired him: "How about giving me a job in your band so I can play with mine?" Egocentrism clashed within the ranks—Drummer Rich jealously shattered Sinatra's romantic numbers with noisy rim shots until Sinatra exploded and tossed a full water pitcher at him. The touchiest ego of all belonged to the quick-tempered, perfectionist leader. Arrogant, yet gregarious, shrewd at finance, yet at times childlike and yearning for a less complicated life, Dorsey was one of the most powerful and enigmatic personalities of the era.

Apart from a probing sketch of Dorsey, Simon provides little that is fresh on such familiar figures as Miller, Benny Goodman, and Duke Ellington, but he gives appropriate recognition to some of the brilliant though now largely forgotten ensembles of the period: the sizzling band headed by tiny, hunchbacked Drummer Chick Webb, featuring Ella Fitzgerald, which triumphed at Harlem's Savoy Ballroom in a 1937 battle of the bands with Goodman's group; the lush, colorfully textured Claude Thornhill band; the showmanlike Jimmie Lunceford unit, whose buoyant two-beat style influenced such latter-day bands as Billy May's; and one of the rare curiosities of big-band history—the 35-piece, all-reed-and-woodwind ensemble of the 1940s fronted by Shep Fields, otherwise an undistinguished leader of ricky-tick commercial groups.

**45 Burps.** Simon also squarely faces a fact often obscured by sentimental hindsight: a great many bands of the era were inevitably cheap, slick or inert. He quotes Arranger Gordon Jenkins, after an evening of listening to the radio in 1937: "I heard 458 chromatic runs on accordions, 911 'telegraph ticker' brass figures, 78 sliding trombones, four sliding violas, 45 burps into a straw, 91 bands that played the same arrangement on every tune, and 11,006 imitations of Benny Goodman."

Then there was the frantic competition, the whole complex economic side of bandleading that the restless, sensitive Artie Shaw said "just plain stinks." In the end, it was this side that helped kill the bands. World War II changed the U.S. entertainment atmosphere: the draft called away many top musicians, and those who were left traveled less; the musicians' union imposed a ban on recording that lasted two years; ballrooms converted to bowling alleys.

"The girls at home and the boys overseas were equally lonely, equally sentimental," writes Simon. "The time was ripe for the singers, with their more personalized messages. In December 1946, almost a dozen years after Benny Goodman had blown the first signs of life into the big-band bubble, that bubble burst. Inside of a few weeks, eight of the nation's top bands broke up. The world that was once theirs now became the property of their most illustrious graduates—the singers."

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BREATH...  
USE  
CHRISTMAS  
SEALS



FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS  
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## What Lovels And Is Not

THE INSTRUMENT by John O'Hara. 297 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

When John O'Hara drove up to Random House's Italian Renaissance parking lot in his grey Rolls-Royce, he turned over his latest instant novel, *The Instrument*, to the books considerably below the early and best O'Hara, but it is an effort novel, cynical beyond redemption, pretentious as suicide note.

The title *Instrument* refers explicitly to the way in which Yancey ("Yank") Lucas becomes the literary tool of an actress. It also refers to Yank's penis, which has no concern whatsoever and contributes to the deaths of two of his bed partners. The book tells the story of Yank's sudden rise to the top of the theater and his possession by the gifts that put him there.

Zena Gollum, an un-Methodical actress of great power and appetite, takes an instant liking to Yank's play and to Yank. Following the pattern set by virtually all other O'Hara women, she is in a hotel room with him a few hours after they meet. But after a brief affair, Yank decides that he will not put himself to the tests of theatrical glory and aggression in bed. He runs away to Vermont, begins his next play, and starts looking for other women.

The society divorcee wants a commitment and gets none. The funny, lewd college girl only wants \$50 a throw but dies in a car smashup. The local postmistress tries to seal, stamp and deliver Yank to herself, but he refuses. He stays loyal to the only thing he believes in: Then O'Hara delivers the famous book. Zena Gollum takes a



JOHN O'HARA  
as a suicide note.

bottle of sleeping pills and has the last word on Yank as a human being: "Dear Yank: thanks for nothing."

*The Instrument* succeeds for all the old reasons. O'Hara eavesdrops on speech like an electronic listening device. His authentication—buttons on clothes, furnishings in rooms—creates reality. Above all, O'Hara's small imagined world of specific conflict spreads like an opening hand to touch a much larger one. This novel about a writer's success and the husbanding of his emotions becomes a dialogue between John O'Hara and his reader.

Despite plenty of recent evidence to the contrary (*The Lockwood Concern, Waiting in Winter*), O'Hara knows the difference between sex and love, while Yank doesn't. In fact, O'Hara shows the tension between sex and love, between lechers and devotion, operating like a knife on his characters. But by instinct or insight, O'Hara cannot glorify heterosexual love and its institutionalization in monogamy. Gamy as ever, cruelly vital, the anti-intellectual O'Hara has written an intellectual novel in disguise, about what love is and is not.

## The Filing Cabinet by the River

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES by Shirley Hazzard. 179 pages. Knopf. \$4.95

The people in this glass house throw pebbles, not stones, and such damage as they do is not to flesh but to sensibilities. Since the house is tall, stands on the bank of Manhattan's East River and is a monument to international good works, it may be as well to see it as U.N. headquarters. Shirley Hazzard calls it simply the Organization—though she worked at the U.N. for ten years. The characters represent many nations, but, above all, they represent one way of life. What they do and say provides a fictional counterpart to William Whyte's *The Organization Man*.

Author Hazzard's Organization men and women are not in the headlines (any reader of her fine first novel *The Evening of the Holidays* might easily guess). They are the secretaries, the personnel people, the heads of committees who keep the files bursting and the memoranda flying, and the earnest subordinates who seek to notch their way to a level where they too can dictate memoranda.

The really powerful in this world are the people who can block a promotion, or a secretary who by dropping a sly word gets her boss to come down hard on someone she dislikes. When a personnel functionary whose child does not learn to talk but to "verbalize" searches for a damning phrase, he hotly charges a subordinate with "imperialist action." Even workers in the "field" when making a report must learn the lingo that will impress their chiefs back in the glass house: "As you know, the object of the Civic Coordination Pro-



SHIRLEY HAZZARD  
Heretic in the big time.

gramme is to tap the dynamics of social change in terms of local aspirations for progress."

**Move & Breathe.** No one, not even the most discontented (and never the author), questions the aims of the Organization. The real difficulty is to move and breathe as an individual in the organizational maze. Not all are gifted with the ability of Miss Bass, who can be indifferent to associates but finds "it easy and even gratifying to direct fraternal feelings towards large numbers of people living at great distances." Mild staff cynicism naturally accompanies a search for a man to fill a job: he "must walk the middle path—a man of middle years and middle brow was wanted, a man not burdened with significant characteristics."

*People in Glass Houses* clearly asks if big-time idealism is not apt to be as dehumanizing as large-scale anything. The point is neatly made when the Director General departs from his prepared address on Stall Day to pay his respects to the need for holding on to "one's secret identity." The half-asleep come awake. Throats are cleared. The interpreters hesitate. Is this organizational heresy at the highest level? "I don't quite know," says one of the listeners later: "I think I felt heartened to hear something said merely because it was felt. Still, I did find all that talk about one's integrity a bit Nordic." Moral people in this glass house shouldn't throw their inner selves around.

## Of Yo-Yos & Other Magic

STOP-TIME by Frank Conroy. 304 pages. Viking. \$5.95

"Like most children," writes Frank Conroy in this precocious autobiography, "I was antisentimental and quick to hear false notes."

With little sentimentality and few false notes, Conroy, now 31 and a freelance writer, describes a kind of Huck Finn-Holmes Caulfield boyhood and

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it took eight years to make  
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coming of age in Florida, Connecticut and Manhattan, in the midst of a rather eccentric family. It is the most obvious of themes, but Conroy brings it off remarkably well, with an almost archaic narrative skill.

In the scrubby wilds near Fort Lauderdale, he wanders untrammeled through woods and dunes, killing king snakes, munching Powerhouse candy bars. He regards mysteries of life with the eerie moral neutrality of boyhood: "Suddenly two of the birds rush at each other in the air. Quick as a wink, one of them is gone. Swallowed. A single yellow feather drifts down to settle on the moss. I laugh, delighted by the purity of it." In a familiar childhood rite, he discovers the intricate magic of a yo-yo that he has bought from two Oriental itinerant salesmen, and learns the various movements—"walking the dog," "loop the loops" and a dazzling number called "the universe."

As he ages into adolescence, Conroy confronts all its standard humiliations and the aches of sex. Maturing fitfully, he falls in love with reading, then with writing, and tells himself one day: "I'm a novelist! What a beautiful thing to be able to say!" To judge from these promising and prismatic memoirs, Conroy will certainly be able to say it before long.

### The Wrong Sides of History

DELANO: THE STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA GRAPE STRIKE by John Gregory Dunne. 176 pages. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux*. \$4.95.

California contains—along with hippies, think tanks and computerized leisure—a number of anachronisms. From the fall of 1965 until late last year, the vast and verdant San Joaquin Valley was the scene of a farm workers' strike that, in its stark simplicity, seemed to re-trample Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*. At issue were no such modern matters as automation and a guaranteed annual wage but merely the right of California's 500,000 fieldworkers, predominantly Mexican-Americans, to unionize.

Scene of the struggle was Delano (pronounced Delavno), a grape-growing city of some 13,000 inhabitants, split by Highway 99 into a west side filled with lowball parlors, tawdry joints and strikers and an east side dominated by "Anglo" growers and indignation. As Author Dunne points out in this admirably dispassionate account of the year-long strike, both camps were on the wrong side of history.

Strike Leader Cesar Chavez, a portly, near-paranoid disciple of Agitator Saul Alinsky, insisted that no Anglos could ever understand the confusion of injustices that his Mexican-American workers had been suffering. Anglo growers maintained that the workers had never had it so good. Both sides were partially right, but when the strikers began firing 4,000 marbles from sling-shots and growers started dusting the



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picket line with insecticides, right had clearly given way to wrath.

With the aid of unemployed civil rights marchers and militant priests, Chavez, Alinsky & Co. ultimately won their strike. The revolutionary fever was slow to cool. As one union organizer put it afterward: "Success in our business means getting workers to middle-class status. The guy who carried a banner in 1966—well, in five years you're going to have a hard time getting him to a union meeting." It is that mood of inevitability that makes the anachronism of the Delano strike such compelling reading—and the strikers' success such a meaningful victory.



CHURCHILL & WIFE (1912)  
A glowworm, he did believe.

**On the Way to Greatness**

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL: YOUNG STATESMAN by Randolph S. Churchill. 763 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$10.

It is hard to imagine that Winston Churchill was ever young. This second volume of Randolph Churchill's five-part biography of his father presents the apprentice statesman, exuberantly flexing the first sinews of power. The book spans only 14 years, opening in 1901 with a brash Churchill of 26 taking his seat on the Tory back bench, and closes on the figure of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Through that distant and serene period, Churchill moved with the insistent and often rude force of a man in a hurry to reach command. "We are all worms," he told Violet Asquith, the Prime Minister's daughter, "but I do believe I am a glowworm."

The natural place to glow was the House of Commons, where, as his biographer observes, Churchill's bulldozing



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brushed, cans are opened. Events that happen across the world are seen in the living room.

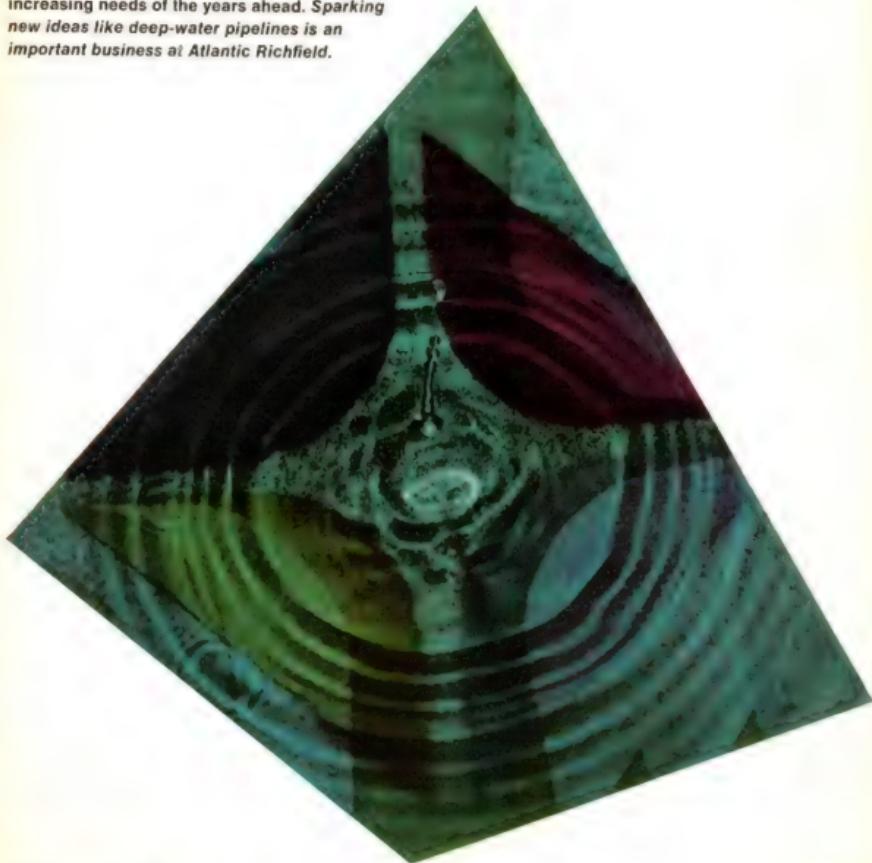
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ascent soon earned him respect and enmity in equal measure: "When he was a backbencher, Churchill had spoken as if he were an Under-Secretary; as Under-Secretary, as if a member of the Cabinet; and when he reached the Cabinet, he was apt to speak as if he were Prime Minister." It is only fair to add that as Prime Minister, he was likely to speak as if he were God.

In 1904, he broke with the Tories over tariffs—Churchill was a free trader—and bolted to the Liberal opposition. The following year, the Liberals were in power. They regarded their new convert with mixed feelings; no one knew whom Winnie would attack next—the Tories, his own Prime Minister or the King. "Winston thinks with his mouth," wrote Asquith testily.

As in the first volume, the biographer is a model of self-effacement, letting the subject tell his own story, largely through documents, memoranda and correspondence, much of it published for the first time. Not once does Randolph Churchill succumb to the temptation to polish off the rough edges of a man who was mostly rough edges. The result is a fascinating, faithful likeness of a man on the way to greatness.

### The Slipped Discothèque Or, How to Defy Mortality

THE VALE OF LAUGHTER by Peter De Vries. 352 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.95.

The universe, Novelist Peter De Vries once said, is a safe with the combination locked inside, and he always plays a numbers game, hoping to open it up and get at the inner meaning. It is just as well that the operative click never comes, because when it does, De Vries will stop being desperately funny and become plain desperate. The thing to remember as the puns cascade down the pages is that his characters (and he, too) would rather keep their earthly uncertainties than lose the capacity to keep trying for something better.

Joe Sandwich, the hero of *The Vale of Laughter*, has his own way of saying it: "Well, a man's got to believe something, and I believe I'll have another drink." Joe is the sort who, for the sake of a gag and to be included in a rich uncle's will, names his son Hamilton. And to prove that the block is still for chipping, young Ham Sandwich at eight names a honky-tonk for the middle-aged "The Slipped Discothèque."

Joe, like most De Vries heroes, is a wit who can't get with it—he being the way of the world. Nothing really odd about him, though he does remark that "Christ and the Jews of his time were working at cross purposes." Joe wants to do good, and he tries. But the girl he kept in stitches as a suitor soon gagged on his wit as a wife. When her father took him into his brokerage office, watching the tape made him physically dizzy, and the securities he recommended for widows and orphans



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You use America's highways to get to work on weekdays—for travel and pleasure on weekends and vacations. You spend a lot of time driving along them—they're part of your home. Why litter your home? Why litter **your** America? Litter is ugly and unhealthy and dangerous. Cleaning it up costs millions in taxes you help pay. Every litter bit hurts **you**.

Litter doesn't throw itself away; litter doesn't just happen. People cause it—and only people can prevent it. "People" means you. **Keep America Beautiful.**



# If you're not using Zip Code you're not getting your nickel's worth



When you plunk down a nickel for a stamp, you should get the world's most efficient postal service in return.

But—if you haven't added the Zip Code to the mailing address, you may not get all you are paying for.

Because Zip Code makes it possible for postal workers to sort mail faster and deliver by more direct routes. With Zip, they will use new electronic machines that "read" Zip numbers and sort mail fifteen times faster than was possible before!

That is why Zip Code is now the most important part of any mailing address. Always use it on every letter you write.

Include your own Zip in your return address, too. That makes it easy for others to Zip their mail to you. When you don't know a Zip Code, simply call your post office or look it up in their Zip Code Directory. Local Zip Codes can be found on the Zip Map in the business pages of your phone book.

It is so easy to use Zip Code. And when you do—*you know you are getting your nickel's worth!*



## HOW ZIP CODE WORKS

Suppose the Zip Code is 60635. The "606" says it goes to the Midwest. The "60" narrows it down to Chicago. The last two digits—"35"—pinpoint the local post office. This eliminates many handling procedures. The letter is sorted faster, and sent more directly to its destination.



ZIP CODE moves the mail!



## "My neck might save your heart!"

High blood pressure causes stroke and contributes to heart attack in man. But giraffes aren't hurt by the sky-high pressure pushing blood up their 10 feet of neck. Why? Medical scientists are searching for this and many other life-saving answers through research you make possible with your Heart Fund dollars.

## GIVE...so more will live HEART FUND

Photo Courtesy: World Health Organization



soon became known as "laughing stocks." When he grins into his stricken father's oxygen tent and says, "My God! You must have a strong heart to stand all this," it is a bravely joshing effort to keep mortality at bay.

When Joe himself leaves his own vale of laughter, it is the result of an unintentional practical joke, played by a friend whose analysis of Joe's humor always kills the joke. What is true of Joe is also true of Dr. Vries: his gags are the defenses of a very serious fellow who has found no better way to fend off the daily slings and arrows.

## Weepin' & Wooin' With Rod McKuen

*Once was a time,  
in New York's jungle in a tree,  
before I went into the world  
in search of other kinds of love  
nobody owned me but a cat named  
Sleepy.*

*Looking back*

*perhaps she's been  
the only human thing  
that ever gave back love to me.*

Suppose you wrote these lines one night and instead of tearing them up the next morning took them to a publisher. What would happen? Surely, in the great, big, tough new world of black-and-blue humor, four-letter words, and agonizing alienation, the publisher would throw you out. But then again he might publish the stuff and help you and himself make a mint.

That is more or less what happened to the author of these lines, Rod McKuen, 34, a song lyricist, nightclub troubadour, onetime disk jockey and movie juvenile. His two volumes, published by Random House, *Shan Van Street & Other Sonnets* (84 pages) and *Listen to the Warm* (113 pages) have sold more than 100,000 copies in two months, making him one of the best-selling poets in publishing history—and all with sweet love, lonely rooms, silent rain, quiet snow, and lost cats.

**Gentle Touch.** McKuen's poetry is Edgar A. Guest with a twist of lemon—the sort of thing that lovesick teenagers used to keep locked away in their diaries. One typical lyric:

*Be gentle with me, new love,  
Treat me tenderly,  
I need the gentle touch,  
the soft voice,  
the candlelight after me.*

*There've been so many whos  
didn't understand*

*so give me all the love I see in your  
timid eyes  
but give it gently,  
Please.*

Sometimes he gets sexy ("I want my thighs to speak your name"), but most-

McKuen's books do not appear on bestseller lists because bookstores do not normally report poetry sales.

# Illinois Central bypasses an old bugaboo



## BRAINFAR<sup>E</sup> figured the route

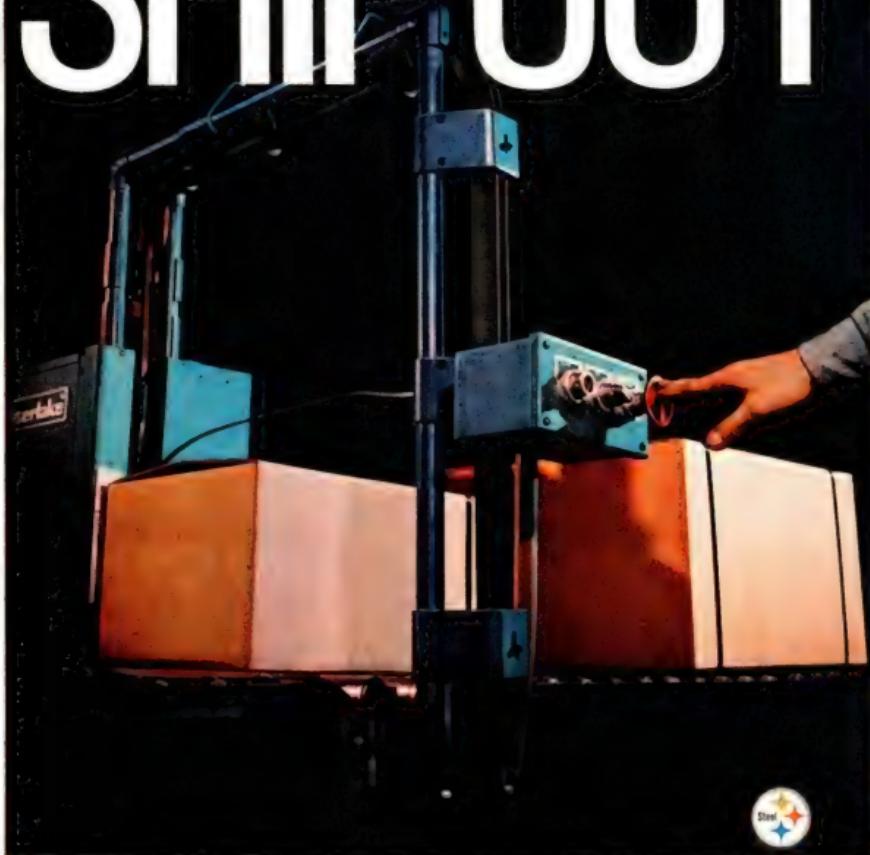
Illinois Central freight trains are getting the green light around Chicago traffic congestion. BRAINFAR<sup>E</sup> has broken the bottleneck. A new faster rail route will soon speed up freight movement between west, east and south. Credit for this bold step goes to a BRAINFAR<sup>E</sup> task force headed by Allen Sams, VP for engineering. Computers figured the job and our new track construction machinery is already in action. To learn more about this never-say-die kind of freight service, get in touch with Howard Powell, our Traffic Vice-President at 135 E. 11th Place, Chicago, Illinois 60605. His phone is 312-922-4811.

**BRAINFAR<sup>E</sup>** is Illinois Central's new total warfare program against outmoded concepts of transportation. We've marshaled our best human and electronic brains into problem-solving task forces to zero in on your total distribution and marketing needs.



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What you ship is your business. How you package it is ours. That's why we built the finest strapping system research center in the country—the Idea Center at our Acme Products Division in Chicago. That's where we put our ideas to work for you. To keep strapping costs low. To improve packaging and unitizing. To find new ways to do it. We take samples right off your production line and slam them and bang them and drop them and shake them. Scientifically, of course. When we're through testing we tell you which strapping system is best for your pocket and your package.

We don't just make steel. We make it work.

IRON AND STEEL DIVISIONS: Pig Iron • Cast Iron • Wrought Iron • Structural Steel • Sheet Steel • Bar • Special Metals • PLATE: ACME PRODUCTS DIVISION: Standard Plastic Strapping and Machines • Strapping Wire • Strapping Machines •  
• Interlake Strapping • Storage Pails • Sheet Angles • Plastic Coated GLOBE METALSURGICAL DIVISION: Ferrous • Non-Ferrous • POWELL DIVISION: Acme Lumber • Commercial Lumber • Rail Trusses • Boxes and Laminated Furniture Parts.

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# There's only one Doug McDonnell ... and Bradley knows it

Education is not what happens to thousands of students. Education is what happens to one individual . . . like Doug McDonnell. Bradley knows this.

Individual attention to Doug's college career starts at Bradley with his three-day summer orientation program prior to fall classes. Doug and his parents attend . . . talk to counselors and discuss his academic program. During these three days Doug completes testing and pre-registration well ahead of the usual September rush.

Throughout his years at Bradley, Doug always has access to skilled counsel. Bradley's Office of Special Services maintains nine counselors to keep the communication lines open to students at all times. And, as graduation approaches, Bradley's placement program gives Doug the information and opportunities he needs for a wise career choice.

Are you a Doug McDonnell? Or do you know one? Tell him about Bradley, where individual attention makes a big difference.

**BRADLEY UNIVERSITY** PEORIA, ILLINOIS



**USO**  
**IS THERE...**  
**ONLY IF YOU CARE**

Who cares if he's up to his neck in a rice paddy, six thousand miles from home?

Who cares if he's lonely, at that frozen Arctic outpost?

Who cares how he feels, patrolling the barbed-wire edge of danger—Berlin, Korea, Guantanamo Bay?

Who cares what he does, when his ship comes in to that teeming foreign port?

You care, when you give to USO. Because USO is there, bringing the grateful handclasp from home to faraway places. Bringing entertainment and laughter to our loneliest outposts. Offering a choice of conduct in overcrowded cities and camp towns here and overseas.

Is USO needed today? Just ask our 2,300,000 servicemen and women, who visited our 167 clubs and 71 camp shows over 20 million times last year!

Know a better way to say you're grateful to them, for helping to safeguard you? Remember, civilian-supported USO depends entirely on your contribution to your local United Fund or Community Chest. Give, because USO is there, only if you care!



**MCKUEN RECORDING**

*Lost cats. Sweet love. What a mint!*

by his thoughts are cellophane-wrapped in a safe sort of melancholy:

*The girl upstairs*

*is entertaining again,*

*I could set my clock  
by the footfall on the stairs,*

*I see her sometimes,  
coming and going on the stairs  
or going to the market.*

*Sometimes I hear her late at night  
playing sad music  
or walking overhead.  
She smiles in the daytime,  
but not at me.*

Purple Onion. McKuen comes by his melancholy naturally. Born in Oakland, Calif., he never knew his father, took to the road as an impoverished drifter at the age of eleven. At 15, he latched onto a job as a disk jockey with a radio station. One night, while spinning some ballads, he began sobbing over the air about his teen-age love problems. The listeners sobbed along with him, and soon the station set him up as a late-night lovelorn counselor.

After serving in the Korean War, he wept his way into the Purple Onion in San Francisco as a singer, began singing his own songs. In addition to his pair of books, he has made 33 recordings in a raspy but affecting folksy voice. His philosophy is about on a par with his poetry: "Maybe if we were a little more honest and did communicate a little better, there wouldn't be a need for late-night talk shows and atom bombs."

Why do people buy his predict? As an exercise in camp? Almost certainly not. They seem charmed and disarmed by his sentimentality, his square hipness. What the McKuen phenomenon proves is that, no matter how sophisticated or cynical the times may seem, there is always a vast market for the banal.



## After putting in a day at the winery, Great Western's winemaker goes home and makes wine.

Our winemaker moonlights at home, pruning the cuttings he planted last spring in his backyard, that happens to be a vineyard. He doesn't do it for money. He does it for the same reason that's made a lot of us who work at the winery want to have vineyards for gardens and work on our own after work.

Four other wineries share the same soil and climate of our Finger Lakes district in upper New York State. But we like to think that the one thing they don't share with us is our attitude towards our wines. To us, wines aren't just our job, they're our life.

Part of this attitude comes from pure curiosity, some of it stems from the fact that some of our fine native New York State wines—like our Isabella Rosé, Diamond and Delaware—got their start in our

winemaker's backyard. This is the way many new kinds of wines are being developed right now in the backyard vineyards of our managing director and even our public relations man.

Whether we're trying out new wines on our own at home or back

at the winery blending our better-known Burgundy, we're working with grapes that grow nowhere else in the world the way they grow on our hills. For centuries, the warmth from our lakes and the shale in our soil have given the wines of our grapes a warm, open face of a taste that could come from no other climate. Like our gentle Isabella, some of these grapes can stand alone as wines of their own. Others we blend to lend a nice balance to wines like our Burgundy, Claret, Sauterne and Chablis.

Try one of our New York State wines. Like our winemaker and everyone else at Great Western, take our wines for what their tastes tell you they are. And, just as it's been with every other fine wine in the world, the tradition and legend and fame will follow.



*Great Western Isabella Rose. One of the family of Great Western New York State wines and champagnes. Produced since 1860 by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company of Hammondsport, New York.*



*We'd hate to be known as the insurance company  
with a lampshade on its head.*

People say The St. Paul sells kooky policies for Elephants on rafts, and Mean Swans, and Mynah Birds on cruises.

It's true. We'll make a new policy at the drop of a hint or the sight of a gap, as long as it's a good risk.

That makes us look giddy, to some folks: as if we were one of the older fellows playing life-of-the-

party, with a lampshade on his head.

But we sell regular, un-giddy insurance, too. Lots.

And underneath, we're very stable. In 114 respectable years, we've never known a day of insolvency. (A somewhat Dickensian virtue . . . but nice in a company that might owe you money some day.)

So don't think of us with *always* a lampshade on our head. Just sometimes. Thank you.

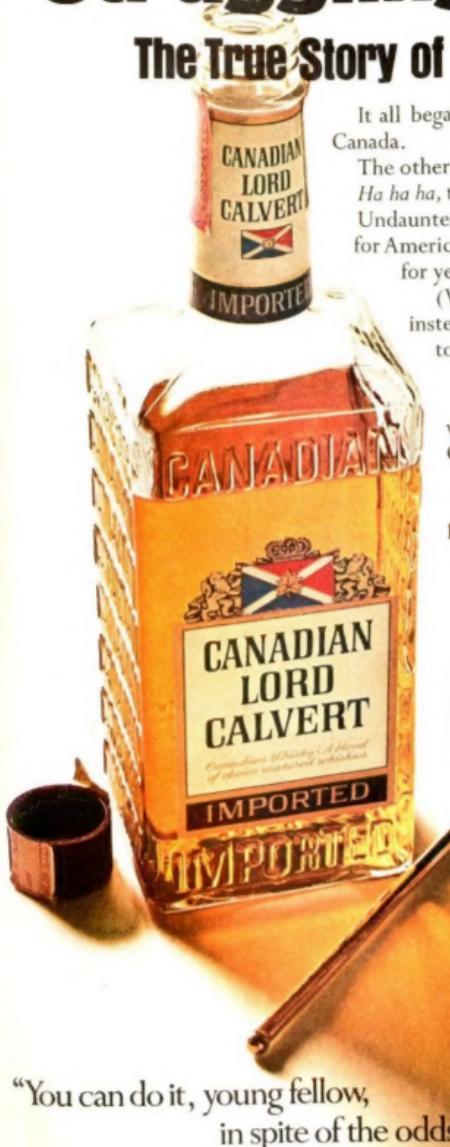
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# Struggling Upward:

## The True Story of a Plucky Whisky



It all began three years ago, when our hero first came from Canada.

The other whiskies greeted us loudly.

*Ha ha ha, they said. A little guy like you taking on big guys like us.* Undaunted, we kept right on making fine Canadian whisky for Americans the way we'd been making it for Canadians for years.

(Which meant refusing to use just one distillery. But instead, combining whiskies from our five distilleries to get the best Canada could offer.)

And soon a remarkable thing began to happen.

A lot of people who'd been drinking the other whiskies started drinking imported Canadian Lord Calvert instead.

We started moving up in the world.

So the next time you wonder whether those Horatio Alger stories still come true, think of us.

We're living proof.



"You can do it, young fellow,  
in spite of the odds."

IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND • 80 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

The L  
Man



The "Longhorns"  
Big flavor  
spend a little

**NEW M**